

SCHOOL SELECTIONS
FROM MODERN PROSE

EDITED BY PROF. EGERTON SMITH.

PROSE SELECTIONS
FROM SCOTT

EDITED WITH
INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND EXERCISES
IN GRAMMAR AND COMPOSITION

SECOND EDITION

YONGE'S BOOK OF
GOLDEN DEEDS

ABRIDGED AND EDITED WITH
NOTES AND EXERCISES IN
GRAMMAR AND COMPOSITION

K. & J. COOPER, 63, CUMBALLA HILL, BOMBAY

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BY
EGERTON SMITH, M. A.

INDIAN EDUCATIONAL SERVICE
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE,
DACCA COLLEGE

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PREFACE.

There are in the market several prose readers which contain extracts from great English men of letters ; but, despite the literary value of the selections, they are not mostly good books for the Matriculation standard, because they do not fulfil the following conditions :—

(1) The extracts should be self-contained and self-explanatory so far as subject-matter is concerned.

(2) They should not be short and scrappy.

(3) The language should be both simple and modern, so that it may be a fairly safe model for the student's own composition.

Non-compliance with the first two conditions prevents the student from taking a genuine natural interest in the readings. Non-compliance with the third misleads him in the matter of his own writing of English, even if the difficulty of the language does not actually puzzle him or at least does not unduly distract his attention from the subject-matter.

Robinson Crusoe, *Gulliver's Travels*, and *The Coverley Papers* are full of vital interest to all boys, and in general they are not difficult books ; but, modern as they are in some respects, their vocabulary and their constructions are not so completely modern, that they can be safely prescribed until a student is fairly certain as to what is standard English. Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, and *Adventures of Ulysses*, fascinating as they are, are of course quite impossible in this respect.

In this volume only twentieth century English is included. The extracts are of various types, including description and different kinds of narrative, historical, legendary, and purely imaginative. They are self-contained. They are of fair length, none being of less than five pages. They should arouse the interest of all students of matriculation age. They are written by authors who have all made a great name; and their language is such as may, apart from the few exceptions pointed out in the notes, be imitated by the student. When Scott and Washington Irving are the most difficult and least modern authors, there will at least be little to fear. It should be possible therefore for readers first of all to go straight through each extract, only referring to the notes on a second reading.

The notes attempt to elucidate the meanings of phrases rather than of words, for while a word can always be looked up in a dictionary, the phrase is often a stumbling block to the Indian schoolboy. Less common meanings have of course been explained, as well as especially difficult or unusual words; and out-of-date expressions have been marked as such. In other cases the inclusion of a word in the questions and exercises will often lead the student himself to hit upon the right meaning.

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SCHOOL SELECTIONS FROM MODERN PROSE.

1. THE UGLY DUCKLING.

It was lovely summer weather in the country, and the golden corn, the green oats, and the hay-stacks piled up in the meadows looked beautiful. The stork walking about on his long red legs chattered in the Egyptian language, which he had learned from his mother. The corn-fields and meadows were surrounded by large forests, in the midst of which were deep pools. It was, indeed, delightful to walk about in the country. In a sunny spot stood a pleasant old farm-house close 10 by a deep river, and from the house down to the water side grew great burdock leaves, so high that under the tallest of them a little child could stand upright. The spot was as secluded as the centre of a thick wood. In this snug retreat sat a duck on her nest, watching for her young brood to hatch; she was beginning to get tired of her task, for the little ones were a long time coming out of their shells, and she seldom had any visitors. The other ducks liked to swim about in the 20 river much better than to climb the slippery banks and sit under a burdock leaf to have a gossip with her. At length one shell cracked, and then

another, and from each egg came a little creature that lifted its head and cried. "Peep, peep." "Quack, quack," said the mother, and then they all quacked as well as they could, and looked about them on every side at the large green leaves. Their mother allowed them to look as much as they liked, because green is good for the eyes. "How large the world is," said the young ducks, when they found how much more room they had
10 now than they had inside the egg-shell. "Do you imagine this is the whole world?" asked the mother. "Wait until you have seen the garden; it stretches far beyond that to the parson's field, but I have never ventured to such a distance. Are you all out?" she said rising. "No, I declare, the largest egg lies there still. I wonder how long this is to last, I am quite tired of it"; and she seated herself again on the nest.

"Well, how are you getting on?" asked the old
20 duck, who paid her a visit.

"One egg is not hatched yet," said the duck, "it will not break. But just look at all the others, are they not the prettiest little ducklings you ever saw? They are the image of their father, who is so unkind that he never comes to see me."

"Let me see the egg that will not break," said the old duck; "I have no doubt it is a turkey's egg. I was persuaded to hatch some once, and after all my care and trouble with the young ones,
30 they were afraid of the water. I quacked and

clucked, but all to no purpose. I could not get them to venture in. Let me look at the egg. Yes, that is a turkey's egg; take my advice, leave it where it is, and teach the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit on it a little while longer," said the duck; "as I have sat so long already, a few more days will be nothing."

"Please yourself," said the old duck, and she went away.

At last the large egg broke, and a young one 10 crept out crying "Peep, peep." It was very large and ugly. The duck stared at it and exclaimed, "It is very large, and not at all like the others. I wonder if it really is a turkey. We shall soon find out, however, when we go to the water. It must go in, if I have to push it in myself."

On the next day the weather was delightful, and the sun shone brightly on the green burdock leaves, so the mother duck took her young brood down to the water, and jumped in with a splash. 20. "Quack quack," cried she, and one after another the little ducklings jumped in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up again in an instant, and swam about quite prettily with their legs paddling under them as easily as possible, and the ugly duckling was also in the water swimming with them.

"Oh," said the mother, "that is not a turkey; how well he uses his legs, and how upright he holds himself! He is my own child, and he is 30

not so very ugly if you look at him properly. Quack, quack! come with me now, I will take you into grand society, and introduce you to the farmyard, but you must keep close to me or you may be trodden upon; and, above all, beware of the cat."

When they reached the farmyard, there was a great disturbance, two families were fighting for an eel's head, which, after all, was carried off by the cat. "See, children, that is the way of the
 10 world," said the mother duck, whetting her beak, for she would have liked the eel's head herself. "Come, now, use your legs, and let me see how well you can behave. You must bow your heads prettily to that old duck yonder; she is the highest born of them all, and has Spanish blood, therefore she is well off. Don't you see she has a red rag tied to her leg, which is something very grand, and a great honour for a duck; it shows that every one is anxious not to lose her, as she
 20 can be recognised both by man and beast. Come, now, don't turn in your toes, a well-bred duckling spreads his feet wide apart, just like his father and mother, in this way; now bend your neck and say 'Quack.'"

The ducklings did as they were bid, but the other ducks stared, and said, "Look, here comes another brood, as if there were not enough of us already! and what a queer-looking object one of them is; we don't want him here," and then one
 30 flew out and bit him in the neck.

"Let him alone," said the mother; "he is not doing any harm."

"Yes, but he is so big and ugly," said the spiteful duck, "and therefore he must be turned out."

"The others are very pretty children," said the old duck with the rag on her leg, "all but that one; I wish his mother could improve him a little."

"That is impossible, your grace," replied the mother; "he is not pretty, but he has a very good disposition, and swims as well as the others, or 10 even better. I think he will grow up pretty, and perhaps be smaller; he has remained too long in the egg, and therefore his figure is not properly formed"; and then she stroked his neck and smoothed the feathers, saying, "It is a drake, and therefore not of so much consequence. I think he will grow up strong, and able to take care of himself."

"The other ducklings are graceful enough," said the old duck.

"Now make yourselves at home, and if you find 20 an eel's head you can bring it to me."

And so they made themselves comfortable; but the poor duckling, who had crept out of his shell last of all, and looked so ugly, was bitten and pushed and made fun of, not only by the ducks, but by all the poultry. "He is too big," they all said, and the turkey cock, who had been born into the world with spurs, and fancied himself really an emperor, puffed himself out like a vessel in full sail, and flew at the duckling, and became 30

quite red in the face with passion, so that the poor little thing did not know where to go, and was quite miserable because he was so ugly and laughed at by the whole farmyard. So it went on from day to day till it got worse and worse. The poor duckling was driven about by everyone; even his brothers and sisters were unkind to him, and would say, "Ah, you ugly creature, I wish the cat would get you," and his mother said she wished
 10 he had never been born. The ducks pecked him, the chickens beat him, and the girl who fed the poultry pushed him away with her foot. So at last he ran away, frightening the little birds in the hedge as he flew over the palings.

"They are afraid of me because I am so ugly," he said. So he shut his eyes and flew still farther, until he came out on a large moor, inhabited by wild ducks. Here he remained the whole night, feeling very tired and sorrowful.

20 In the morning, when the wild ducks rose in the air, they stared at their new comrade. "What sort of duck are you?" they all said, coming round him.

He bowed to them, and was as polite as he could be, but he did not reply to their question. "You are exceedingly ugly," said the wild ducks, "but that will not matter if you do not want to marry one of our family."

Poor thing! he had no thought of marriage; all he wanted was permission to lie among the rushes,
 30 and drink some of the water on the moor. After

he had been on the moor two days, there came two wild geese, or rather goslings, for they had not been out of the egg long, and were very saucy. "Listen, friend," said one of them to the duckling, "you are so ugly, that we like you very well. Will you go with us, and become a bird of passage? Not far from here is another moor, in which there are some pretty wild geese, all unmarried. It is a chance for you to get a wife; you may be lucky, ugly as you are."

10

'Pop, pop,' sounded in the air, and the two wild geese fell dead among the rushes, and the water was tinged with blood. 'Pop, pop,' echoed far and wide in the distance, and whole flocks of wild geese rose up from the rushes. The sound came from every direction, for the sportsmen surrounded the moor, and some were seated on branches of trees, overlooking the rushes. The blue smoke from the guns rose like clouds over the dark trees, and as it floated away across the water, a number of dogs 20 bounded in among the rushes, which bent beneath them as they went. How they terrified the poor duckling! He turned away his head to hide it under his wing, and at the same moment a large terrible dog passed quite near him. His jaws were open, his tongue hung from his mouth, and his eyes glared fearfully. He thrust his nose close to the duckling, showing his sharp teeth, and then 'splash, splash,' he went into the water without touching him. "Oh," sighed the duckling, "how 30

thankful I am for being so ugly; even a dog will not bite me." And so he lay quite still, while the shot rattled through the rushes, and gun after gun was fired over him. It was late in the day before all became quiet, but even then the poor young thing did not dare to move. He waited quietly for several hours, and then, after looking carefully around him, hastened away from the moor as fast as he could. He ran over field and meadow till a storm
10 arose, and he could hardly struggle against it. Towards evening, he reached a poor little cottage that seemed ready to fall, and only remained standing because it could not decide on which side to fall first. The storm continued so violent that the duckling could go no farther; he sat down by the cottage, and then he noticed that the door was not quite shut because one of the hinges had given way. There was therefore a narrow opening near the bottom large enough for him to slip
20 through, which he did very quietly, and got a shelter for the night. A woman, a tom-cat, and a hen lived in this cottage. The tom-cat, whom his mistress called 'My little son,' was a great favourite; he could raise his back and purr, and could even throw out sparks from his fur if it were rubbed the wrong way. The hen had very short legs, so she was called 'Chickie-short-legs.' She laid good eggs, and her mistress loved her as if she had been her own child. In the morning the
30 strange visitor was discovered, and the tom-cat began to purr, and the hen to cluck.

“What is that noise about?” said the old woman, looking round the room, but her sight was not very good; therefore, when she saw the duckling, she thought it must be a fat duck, that had strayed from home. “Oh, what a prize!” she exclaimed, “I hope it is not a drake, for then I shall have some duck’s eggs. I must wait and see.” So the duckling was allowed to remain on trial for three weeks, but there were no eggs. Now the tom-cat was the master of the house, and the hen was 10 mistress, and they always said, “We and the world,” for they believed themselves to be half the world, and the better half too. The duckling thought that others might hold a different opinion on the subject, but the hen would not listen to such doubts. “Can you lay eggs?” she asked. “No.” “Then have the goodness to hold your tongue.” “Can you raise your back, or purr, or throw out sparks?” said the tom-cat. “No.” “Then you have no right to express an opinion when sensible people are speak- 20 ing.” So the duckling sat in a corner, feeling very low-spirited, till the sunshine and fresh air came into the room through the open door, and then he began to feel such a longing for a swim on the water, that he could not help telling the hen.

“What an absurd idea,” said the hen. “You have nothing else to do, therefore you have foolish fancies. If you could purr or lay eggs, they would pass away.”

"But it is so delightful to swim about on the water," said the duckling, "and so refreshing to feel it close over your head, when you dive down to the bottom."

"Delightful, indeed!" said the hen, "why you must be crazy! Ask the cat. He is the cleverest animal I know. Ask *him* how he would like to swim about on the water, or to dive under it; I will not speak of my own opinion, but ask our mistress,
10 the old woman. There is no one in the world more clever than she is. Do you think she would like to swim, or to let the water close over her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the duckling.

"We don't understand you? Who can understand you, I wonder? Do you consider yourself more clever than the cat, or the old woman? I will say nothing of myself. Don't imagine such nonsense, child, and thank your good fortune that you have been received here. Are you not in a
20 warm room, and in society from which you may learn something? But you are a chatterer, and your company is not very agreeable. Believe me, I speak only for your good. I may tell you unpleasant truths, but that is a proof of my friendship. I advise you, therefore, to lay eggs, and learn to purr as quickly as possible."

"I believe I must go out in the world again," said the duckling.

"Yes, do," said the hen. So the duckling left
30 the cottage, and soon found water on which it

could swim and dive, but it was avoided by all other animals, because of its ugly appearance. Autumn came, and the leaves in the forest turned orange and gold; then, as winter approached, the wind caught them as they fell and whirled them in the cold air. The clouds, heavy with hail and snow-flakes, hung low in the sky, and the raven stood on the ferns crying "Croak, croak." It made one shiver with cold to look at him. All this was very sad for the poor little duckling. One 10 evening, just as the sun set amid radiant clouds, there came a large flock of beautiful birds out of the bushes. The duckling had never seen any like them before. They were swans, and they curved their graceful necks, while their soft plumage shone with a dazzling whiteness. They uttered a singular cry, as they spread their glorious wings and flew away from those cold regions to warmer countries across the sea. As they mounted higher and higher in the air, the ugly little duck- 20 ling felt quite a strange sensation as he watched them. He whirled himself in the water like a wheel, stretched out his neck towards them, and uttered a cry so strange that it frightened himself. Could he ever forget those beautiful happy birds; and when at last they were out of his sight, he dived under the water, and rose again almost beside himself with excitement. He did not know the names of these birds, nor where they had flown, but he felt towards them as he had never 30

felt for any other bird in the world. He was not envious of these beautiful creatures, but wished to be as lovely as they. Poor ugly creature, how gladly would he have lived even with the ducks had they only given him encouragement. The winter grew colder and colder; he was obliged to swim about on the water to keep it from freezing, but every night the space on which he swam became smaller and smaller. At length it froze so
10 hard that the ice in the water crackled as he moved, and the duckling had to paddle with his legs as well as he could, to keep the space from closing up. He became exhausted at last, and lay still and helpless, frozen fast in the ice.

Early in the morning, a peasant who was passing by saw what had happened. He broke the ice in pieces with his wooden shoe, and carried the duckling home to his wife. The warmth revived the poor little creature; but when the children
20 wanted to play with him, the duckling thought they would do him some harm; so he started up in terror, fluttered into the milk-pan, and splashed the milk about the room. Then the woman clapped her hands, which frightened him still more. He flew first into the butter-cask, then into the meal-tub, and out again. What a condition he was in! The woman screamed and struck at him with the tongs; the children laughed and screamed, and tumbled over each other in their efforts to catch
30 him; but luckily he escaped. The door stood open;

the poor creature could just manage to slip out among the bushes, and lie down quite exhausted in the newly fallen snow.

It would be very sad if I were to relate all the misery and privation which the poor little duckling endured during the hard winter; but when it had passed, he found himself lying one morning in a moor amongst the rushes. He felt the warm sun shining, and heard the lark singing, and saw that all around was beautiful spring. Then the young 10 bird felt that his wings were strong, as he flapped them against his sides, and rose high in the air. They bore him onwards, until he found himself in a large garden, before he well knew what had happened. The apple-trees were in full blossom, and the fragrant elders bent their long green branches down to the stream which wound round a smooth lawn. Everything looked beautiful, in the freshness of early spring. From a thicket close by came three beautiful swans, rustling their 20 feathers, and swimming lightly over the smooth water. The duckling remembered the lovely birds, and felt more strangely unhappy than ever.

"I will fly to these royal birds," he exclaimed, "and they will kill me, because I am so ugly, and dare to approach them. But it does not matter; better be killed by them than pecked by the ducks, beaten by the hens, pushed about by the maiden who feeds the poultry, or starved with hunger in the winter." 30

Then he flew to the water, and swam towards the beautiful swans. The moment they espied the stranger, they rushed to meet him with outstretched wings.

"Kill me," said the poor bird; and he bent his head down to the surface of the water, and awaited death.

But what did he see in the clear stream below? His own image; no longer a dark grey bird, ugly
10 and disagreeable to look at, but a graceful and beautiful swan. To be born in a duck's nest in a farmyard is of no consequence to a bird, if it is hatched from a swan's egg. He now felt glad at having suffered sorrow and trouble, because it made him enjoy so much more all the pleasure and happiness around him; for the great swans swam round the new-comer, and stroked his neck with their beaks, as a welcome.

Into the garden presently came some little chil-
20 dren, and they threw some bread and cake into the water.

"See," cried the youngest, "there is a new one"; and the rest were delighted, and ran to their father and mother, dancing and clapping their hands, and shouting joyously, "There is another swan; a new one has come."

Then they threw more bread and cake into the water, and said, "The new one is the most beautiful of all; he is so young and pretty." And the old
30 swans bowed their heads before him.

Then he felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wing; for he did not know what to do, he was so happy, and yet not at all proud. He had been persecuted and despised for his ugliness, and now he heard them say he was the most beautiful of all the birds. Even the elder-tree bent down its boughs into the water before him, and the sun shone warm and bright. Then he rustled his feathers, curved his slender neck, and cried joyfully from the depths of his heart, "I never dreamed 10 of such happiness as this, while I was an ugly duckling."

2. THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER.

One evening, in times long ago, old Philemon and his old wife Baucis sat at their cottage-door, enjoying the calm and beautiful sunset. They had already eaten their frugal supper, and intended now to spend a quiet hour or two before bedtime. So they talked together about their garden, and their cow, and their bees, and their grapevine, which clambered over the cottage-wall, and on which the grapes were beginning to turn purple.

10 But the rude shouts of children and the fierce barking of dogs in the village near at hand grew louder and louder, until at last it was hardly possible for Baucis and Philemon to hear each other speak.

“Ah, wife,” cried Philemon, “I fear some poor traveller is seeking hospitality among our neighbours yonder, and, instead of giving him food and lodging, they have set their dogs at him, as their custom is!”

20 “Well-a-day!” answered old Baucis, “I do wish our neighbours felt a little more kindness for their fellow-creatures, instead of bringing up their children in this naughty way, and patting them on the head when they fling stones at strangers!”

"Those children will never come to any good," said Philemon, shaking his white head. "To tell you the truth, wife, I should not wonder if some terrible thing were to happen to all the people in the village unless they mend their manners. But, as for you and me, so long as Providence affords us a crust of bread, let us be ready to give half to any poor, homeless stranger that may come along and need it."

"That's right, husband!" said Baucis. "So we 10 will!"

These old folks, you must know, were quite poor, and had to work pretty hard for a living. Old Philemon toiled diligently in his garden, while Baucis was always busy with her distaff, or making a little butter and cheese with her cow's milk, or doing one thing and another about the cottage. Their food was seldom anything but bread, milk, and vegetables, with sometimes a portion of honey from their beehive, and now and then a bunch of 20 grapes, that had ripened against the cottage wall. But they were two of the kindest old people in the world, and would cheerfully have gone without their dinners, any day, rather than refuse a slice of their brown loaf, a cup of new milk, and a spoonful of honey, to the weary traveller who might pause before their door. They felt as if such guests had a sort of holiness, and that they ought, therefore, to treat them better and more bountifully than their own selves.

30

Their cottage stood on a rising ground, at some short distance from the village, which lay in a hollow valley, that was about half a mile in breadth. This valley, in past ages, when the world was new, had probably been the bed of a lake. There, fishes had glided to and fro in the depths, and water-weeds had grown along the margin, and trees and hills had seen their reflected images in the broad and peaceful mirror. But, as the waters subsided, 10 men had cultivated the soil, and built houses on it, so that it was now a fertile spot, and bore no traces of the ancient lake, except a very small brook, which meandered through the midst of the village, and supplied the inhabitants with water. The valley had been dry land so long, that oaks had sprung up, and grown great and high, and perished with old age, and been succeeded by others, as tall and stately as the first. Never was there a prettier or more fruitful valley. The very 20 sight of the plenty around them should have made the inhabitants kind and gentle, and ready to show their gratitude to Providence by doing good to their fellow-creatures.

But, we are sorry to say, the people of this lovely village were not worthy to dwell in a spot on which Heaven had smiled so beneficently. They were a very selfish and hard-hearted people, and had no pity for the poor, nor sympathy with the homeless. They would only have laughed, had 30 anybody told them that human beings owe a debt

of love to one another, because there is no other method of paying the debt of love and care which all of us owe to Providence. You will hardly believe what I am going to tell you. These naughty people taught their children to be no better than themselves, and used to clap their hands, by way of encouragement, when they saw the little boys and girls run after some poor stranger, shouting at his heels, and pelting him with stones. They kept large and fierce dogs, and whenever a traveller 10 ventured to show himself in the village street, this pack of disagreeable curs scampered to meet him, barking, snarling, and showing their teeth. Then they would seize him by his leg or by his clothes, just as it happened; and if he were ragged when he came, he was generally a pitiable object before he had time to run away. This was a very terrible thing to poor travellers, as you may suppose, especially when they chanced to be sick or feeble, or lame, or old. Such persons (if they once knew 20 how badly these unkind people, and their unkind children and curs, were in the habit of behaving) would go miles and miles out of their way, rather than try to pass through the village again.

What made the matter seem worse if possible, was that when rich persons came in their chariots, or riding on beautiful horses, with their servants in rich liveries attending on them, nobody could be more civil and obsequious than the inhabitants of the village. They would take off their hats, and 30

make the humblest bows you ever saw. If the children were rude, they were pretty certain to get their ears boxed; and as for the dogs, if a single cur in the pack presumed to yelp, his master instantly beat him with a club, and tied him up without any supper. This would have been all very well, only it proved that the villagers cared much about the money that a stranger had in his pocket, and nothing whatever for the human soul,
10 which lives equally in the beggar and the prince.

So now you can understand why old Philemon spoke so sorrowfully, when he heard the shouts of the children and the barking of the dogs, at the farther extremity of the village street. There was a confused din, which lasted a good while, and seemed to pass quite through the breadth of the valley.

"I never heard the dogs so loud!" observed the good old man.

"Nor the children so rude!" answered his good
20 old wife.

They sat shaking their heads, one to another, while the noise came nearer and nearer; until at the foot of the little eminence on which their cottage stood, they saw two travellers approaching on foot. Close behind them came the fierce dogs, snarling at their very heels. A little farther off, ran a crowd of children, who sent up shrill cries, and flung stones at the two strangers with all their might. Once or twice, the younger of the two
30 men (he was a slender and very active figure)

turned about and drove back the dogs with a staff which he carried in his hand. His companion, who was a very tall person, walked calmly along, as if disdaining to notice either the naughty children, or the pack of curs, whose manners the children seemed to imitate.

Both of the travellers were very humbly clad, and looked as if they might not have money enough in their pockets to pay for a night's lodging. And this, I am afraid, was the reason why the villagers 10 had allowed their children and dogs to treat them so rudely.

"Come, wife," said Philemon to Baucis, "let us go and meet these poor people. No doubt, they feel almost too heavy-hearted to climb the hill."

"Go you and meet them," answered Baucis, "while I make haste within doors, and see whether we can get them anything for supper. A comfortable bowl of bread and milk would do wonders towards raising their spirits." 20

Accordingly, she hastened into the cottage. Philemon, on his part, went forward, and extended his hand with so hospitable an aspect that there was no need of saying what nevertheless he did say, in the heartiest tone imaginable,—

"Welcome, strangers! welcome!"

"Thank you!" replied the younger of the two, in a lively kind of way, notwithstanding his weariness and trouble. "This is quite another greeting than we have met with yonder in the village. Pray, 30 why do you live in such a bad neighbourhood?"

"Ah!" observed old Philemon, with a quiet and benign smile. "Providence put me here, I hope, among other reasons, in order that I may make you what amends I can for the inhospitality of my neighbours."

"Well said, old father!" cried the traveller, laughing; "and, if the truth must be told, my companion and myself need some amends. Those children (the little rascals!) have bespattered us
10 finely with their mud-ball; and one of the curs has torn my cloak, which was ragged enough already. But I took him across the muzzle with my staff; and I think you may have heard him yelp, even thus far off."

Philemon was glad to see him in such good spirits; nor, indeed, would you have fancied, by the traveller's look and manner, that he was weary with a long day's journey, besides being disheartened by rough treatment at the end of it. He
20 was dressed in rather an odd way, with a sort of cap on his head, the brim of which stuck out over both ears. Though it was a summer evening, he wore a cloak, which he kept wrapt closely about him, perhaps because his under garments were shabby. Philemon perceived, too, that he had on a singular pair of shoes; but, as it was now growing dusk, and as the old man's eyesight was none the sharpest, he could not precisely tell in what the strangeness consisted. One thing certainly
30 seemed queer. The traveller was so wonderfully

light and active, that it appeared as if his feet sometimes rose from the ground of their own accord, or could only be kept down by an effort.

"I used to be light-footed, in my youth," said Philemon to the traveller. "But I always found my feet grow heavier towards nightfall."

"There is nothing like a good staff to help one along," answered the stranger; "and I happen to have an excellent one, as you see."

This staff, in fact, was the oddest-looking staff 10 that Philemon had ever beheld. It was made of olive-wood, and had something like a little pair of wings near the top. Two snakes, carved in the wood, were represented as twining themselves about the staff, and were so very skilfully executed that old Philemon (whose eyes, you know, were getting rather dim) almost thought them alive, and that he could see them wriggling and twisting.

"A curious piece of work, sure enough!" said he. "A staff with wings! It would be an excellent 20 kind of a stick for a little boy to ride astride of!"

By this time, Philemon and his two friends had reached the cottage door.

"Friends," said the old man, "sit down and rest yourselves here on this bench. My good wife Baucis has gone to see what you can have for supper. We are poor folks; but you shall be welcome to whatever we have in the cupboard."

The younger stranger threw himself carelessly on the bench, letting his staff fall, as he did so. 30

And here happened something rather marvellous, though trifling enough, too. The staff seemed to get up from the ground of its own accord, and, spreading its little pair of wings, it half hopped, half flew, and leaned itself against the wall of the cottage. There it stood quite still, except that the snakes continued to wriggle. But, in my private opinion, old Philemon's eyesight had been playing him tricks again.

- 10 Before he could ask any questions, the elder stranger drew his attention from the wonderful staff, by speaking to him.

"Was there not," asked the stranger, in a remarkably deep tone of voice, "a lake, in very ancient times, covering the spot where now stands yonder village?"

- "Not in my day, friend," answered Philemon; "and yet I am an old man, as you see. There were always the fields and meadows, just as they are
20 now, and the old trees, and the little stream murmuring through the midst of the valley. My father, nor his father before him, ever saw it otherwise, so far as I know; and doubtless it will still be the same, when old Philemon shall be gone and forgotten!"

- "That is more than can be safely foretold," observed the stranger; and there was something very stern in his deep voice. He shook his head, too, so that his dark and heavy curls were shaken
30 with the movement. "Since the inhabitants of

yonder village have forgotten the affections and sympathies of their nature, it were better that the lake should be rippling over their dwellings again!"

The traveller looked so stern, that Philemon was really almost frightened; the more so, that, at his frown, the twilight seemed suddenly to grow darker, and that, when he shook his head, there was a roll as of thunder in the air.

But, in a moment afterwards, the stranger's face became so kindly and mild, that the old man quite 10 forgot his terror. Nevertheless, he could not help feeling that this elder traveller must be no ordinary personage, although he happened now to be attired so humbly and to be journeying on foot. Not that Philemon fancied him a prince in disguise, or any character of that sort; but rather some exceedingly wise man, who went about the world in this poor garb, despising wealth and all worldly objects, and seeking everywhere to add a mite to his wisdom. This idea appeared the more probable, because, 20 when Philemon raised his eyes to the stranger's face, he seemed to see more thought there, in one look, than he could have studied out in a lifetime.

While Baucis was getting the supper, the travellers both began to talk very sociably with Philemon. The younger, indeed, was extremely loquacious, and made such shrewd and witty remarks, that the good old man continually burst out a-laughing, and pronounced him the merriest fellow whom he had seen for many a day.

"Pray, my young friend," said he, as they grew familiar together, "what may I call your name?"

"Why, I am very nimble, as you see," answered the traveller. "So if you call me Quicksilver, the name will fit tolerably well."

"Quicksilver? Quicksilver?" repeated Philemon, looking in the traveller's face, to see if he were making fun of him. "It is a very odd name! And your companion there? Has he as strange a one?"

10 "You must ask the thunder to tell it you!" replied Quicksilver, putting on a mysterious look. "No other voice is loud enough."

This remark, whether it were serious or, in jest, might have caused Philemon to conceive a very great awe of the elder stranger, if, on venturing to gaze at him, he had not beheld so much beneficence in his visage. But, undoubtedly, here was the grandest figure that ever sat so humbly beside a cottage door. When the stranger conversed, it was with
20 gravity, and in such a way that Philemon felt irresistibly moved to tell him everything which he had most at heart. This is always the feeling that people have, when they meet with any one wise enough to comprehend all their good and evil, and to despise not a tittle of it.

But Philemon, simple and kind-hearted old man that he was, had not many secrets to disclose. He talked, however, quite garrulously, about the events of his past life, in the whole course of which he
30 had never been a score of miles from this very

spot. His wife Baucis and himself had dwelt in the cottage from their youth upward, earning their bread by honest labour, always poor, but still contented. He told what excellent butter and cheese Baucis made, and how nice were the vegetables which he raised in his garden. He said, too, that because they loved one another so much, it was the wish of both that death might not separate them, but that they should die, as they had lived, together. 10

As the stranger listened, a smile beamed over his countenance, and made its expression as sweet as it was grand.

"You are a good old man," said he to Philemon, "and you have a good old wife as a helpmeet. It is fit that your wish should be granted."

And it seemed to Philemon, just then, as if the sunset clouds threw up a bright flash from the west, and kindled a sudden light in the sky.

Baucis had now got supper ready, and, coming to the door, began to make apologies for the poor fare which she was forced to set before her guests.

"Had we known you were coming," said she, "my good man and myself would have gone without a morsel, rather than you should lack a better supper. But I took the most part of to-day's milk to make cheese; and our last loaf is already half eaten. Ah me! I never feel the sorrow of being poor, save when a poor traveller knocks at our door."

"All will be very well; do not trouble yourself, my good dame," replied the elder stranger, kindly. "An honest, hearty welcome to a guest works miracles with the fare, and is capable of turning the coarsest food to nectar and ambrosia."

"A welcome you shall have," cried Baucis, "and likewise a little honey that we happen to have left, and a bunch of purple grapes besides."

"Why, Mother Baucis, it is a feast!" exclaimed
10 Quicksilver, laughing, "an absolute feast! and you shall see how bravely I will play my part at it! I think I never felt hungrier in my life."

"Mercy on us!" whispered Baucis to her husband. "If the young man has such a terrible appetite, I am afraid there will not be half enough supper!"

They all went into the cottage.

And now, my little auditors, shall I tell you something that will make you open your eyes very wide? It is really one of the oddest circumstances
20 in the whole story. Quicksilver's staff, you recollect, had set itself up against the wall of the cottage. Well; when its master entered the door, leaving this wonderful staff behind, what should it do but immediately spread its little wings, and go hopping and fluttering up the door steps! Tap, tap, went the staff, on the kitchen floor; nor did it rest until it had stood itself on end, with the greatest gravity and decorum, beside Quicksilver's chair. Old Philemon, however, as well as his wife, was so
30 taken up in attending to their guests, that no notice was given to what the staff had been about.

As Baucis had said, there was but a scanty supper for two hungry travellers. In the middle of the table was the remnant of a brown loaf, with a piece of cheese on one side of it, and a dish of honeycomb on the other. There was a pretty good bunch of grapes for each of the guests. A moderately sized earthen pitcher, nearly full of milk, stood at a corner of the board; and when Baucis had filled two bowls, and set them before the strangers, only a little milk remained in the bottom 10 of the pitcher. Alas! it is a very sad business, when a bountiful heart finds itself pinched and squeezed among narrow circumstances. Poor Baucis kept wishing that she might starve for a week to come, if it were possible, by so doing, to provide these hungry folks a more plentiful supper.

And, since the supper was so exceedingly small, she could not help wishing that their appetites had not been quite so large. Why, at their very first sitting down, the travellers both drank off all the 20 milk in their two bowls, at a draught.

"A little more milk, kind Mother Baucis, if you please," said Quicksilver. "The day has been hot, and I am very much athirst."

"Now, my dear people," answered Baucis, in great confusion, "I am so sorry and ashamed! But the truth is, there is hardly a drop more milk in the pitcher. O husband! husband! why didn't we go without our supper?"

"Why it appears to me," cried Quicksilver, starting up from table and taking the pitcher by the handle, "it really appears to me that matters are not quite so bad as you represent them. Here is certainly more milk in the pitcher."

So saying, and to the vast astonishment of Baucis, he proceeded to fill, not only his own bowl, but his companion's likewise, from the pitcher, that was supposed to be almost empty. The good woman
10 could scarcely believe her eyes. She had certainly poured out nearly all the milk, and had peeped in afterwards, and seen the bottom of the pitcher, as she set it down upon the table.

"But I am old," thought Baucis to herself, "and apt to be forgetful. I suppose I must have made a mistake. At all events, the pitcher cannot help being empty now, after filling the bowls twice over."

"What excellent milk!" observed Quicksilver, after quaffing the contents of the second bowl. "Ex-
20 cuse me, my kind hostess, but I must really ask you for a little more."

Now Baucis had seen, as plainly as she could see anything, that Quicksilver had turned the pitcher upside down, and consequently had poured out every drop of milk, in filling the last bowl. Of course, there could not possibly be any left. However, in order to let him know precisely how the case was, she lifted the pitcher, and made a gesture as if pouring milk into Quicksilver's bowl, but without the
30 remotest idea that any milk would stream forth.

What was her surprise, therefore, when such an abundant cascade fell bubbling into the bowl, that it was immediately filled to the brim, and overflowed upon the table! The two snakes that were twisted about Quicksilver's staff (but neither Baucis nor Philemon happened to observe this circumstance) stretched out their heads, and began to lap up the spilt milk.

And then what a delicious fragrance the milk had! It seemed as if Philemon's only cow must have 10 pastured, that day, on the richest herbage that could be found anywhere in the world. I only wish that each of you, my beloved little souls, could have a bowl of such nice milk, at supper-time!

"And now a slice of your brown loaf, Mother Baucis," said Quicksilver, "and a little of that honey!"

Baucis cut him a slice, accordingly; and though the loaf, when she and her husband ate of it, had been rather too dry and crusty to be palatable, it 20 was now as light and moist as if but a few hours out of the oven. Tasting a crumb, which had fallen on the table, she found it more delicious than bread ever was before, and could hardly believe that it was a loaf of her own kneading and baking. Yet, what other loaf could it possibly be?

But, oh the honey! I may just as well let it alone, without trying to describe how exquisitely it smelt and looked. Its colour was that of the purest and most transparent gold; and it had the odour of 30

a thousand flowers; but of such flowers as never grew in an earthly garden, and to seek which the bees must have flown high above the clouds. The wonder is, that after alighting on a flower-bed of so delicious fragrance and immortal bloom, they should have been content to fly down again to their hive in Philemon's garden. Never was such honey tasted, seen, or smelt. The perfume floated around the kitchen, and made it so delightful, that, had you
 10 closed your eyes, you would instantly have forgotten the low ceiling and smoky walls, and have fancied yourself in an arbour, with celestial honeysuckles creeping over it.

Although good Mother Baucis was a simple old dame, she could not but think that there was something rather out of the common way, in all that had been going on. So, after helping the guests to bread and honey, and laying a bunch of grapes by each of their plates, she sat down by Philemon,
 20 and told him what she had seen, in a whisper.

"Did you ever hear the like?" asked she.

"No, I never did," answered Philemon, with a smile. "And I rather think, my dear old wife, you have been walking about in a sort of a dream. If I had poured out the milk, I should have seen through the business at once. There happened to be a little more in the pitcher than you thought,—that is all."

"Ah, husband," said Baucis, "say what you will, these are very uncommon people."

"Well, well," replied Philemon, still smiling, "perhaps they are. They certainly do look as if they had seen better days; and I am heartily glad to see them making so comfortable a supper."

Each of the guests had now taken his bunch of grapes upon his plate. Baucis (who rubbed her eyes, in order to see the more clearly) was of opinion that the clusters had grown larger and richer, and that each separate grape seemed to be on the point of bursting with ripe juice. It was entirely a mys- 10
tery to her how such grapes could ever have been produced from the old stunted vine that climbed against the cottage wall.

"Very admirable grapes these!" observed Quick-silver, as he swallowed one after another, without apparently diminishing his cluster. "Pray, my good host, whence did you gather them?"

"From my own vine," answered Philemon. "You may see one of its branches twisting across the window, yonder. But wife and I never thought the 20
grapes very fine ones."

"I never tasted better," said the guest. "Another cup of this delicious milk, if you please, and I shall then have supped better than a prince."

This time, old Philemon bestirred himself, and took up the pitcher; for he was curious to discover whether there was any reality in the marvels which Baucis had whispered to him. He knew that his good old wife was incapable of falsehood, and that she was seldom mistaken in what she supposed to be 30

true; but this was so very singular a case, that he wanted to see into it with his own eyes. On taking up the pitcher, therefore, he slyly peeped into it, and was fully satisfied that it contained not so much as a single drop. All at once, however, he beheld a little white fountain, which gushed up from the bottom of the pitcher, and speedily filled it to the brim with foaming and deliciously fragrant milk. It was lucky that Philemon, in his surprise, did not
 10 drop the miraculous pitcher from his hand.

"Who are ye, wonder-working strangers!" cried he, even more bewildered than his wife had been.

"Your guests, my good Philemon, and your friends," replied the elder traveller, in his mild, deep voice, that had something at once sweet and awe-inspiring in it. "Give me likewise a cup of the milk; and may your pitcher never be emptied for kind Baucis and yourself, any more than for the needy wayfarer!"

20 The supper being now over, the strangers requested to be shown to their place of repose. The old people would gladly have talked with them a little longer, and have expressed the wonder which they felt, and their delight at finding the poor and meagre supper prove so much better and more abundant than they hoped. But the elder traveller had inspired them with such reverence that they dared not ask him any questions. And when Philemon drew Quicksilver aside and inquired how
 30 under the sun a fountain of milk could have got

into an old earthen pitcher, this latter personage pointed to his staff.

"There is the whole mystery of the affair," quoth Quicksilver; "and if you can make it out, I'll thank you to let me know. I can't tell what to make of my staff. It is always playing such odd tricks as this; sometimes getting me a supper, and, quite as often, stealing it away. If I had any faith in such nonsense, I should say the stick was bewitched!"

He said no more, but looked so slyly in their 10 faces, that they rather fancied he was laughing at them. The magic staff went hopping at his heels, as Quicksilver quitted the room. When left alone, the good old couple spent some little time in conversation about the events of the evening, and then lay down on the floor, and fell fast asleep. They had given up their sleeping-room to the guests, and had no other bed for themselves, save these planks, which I wish had been as soft as their own hearts.

The old man and his wife were stirring, betimes, 20 in the morning, and the strangers likewise arose with the sun, and made their preparations to depart. Philemon hospitably entreated them to remain a little longer, until Baucis could milk the cow, and bake a cake upon the hearth, and, perhaps, find them a few fresh eggs, for breakfast. The guests, however, seemed to think it better to accomplish a good part of their journey before the heat of the day should come on. They, therefore, persisted in setting out immediately, but asked Philemon and 30

Baucis to walk forth with them a short distance, and show them the road which they were to take.

So they all four issued from the cottage, chatting together like old friends. It was very remarkable, indeed, how familiar the old couple insensibly grew with the elder traveller, and how their good and simple spirits melted into his, even as two drops of water would melt into the illimitable ocean. And as for Quicksilver, with his keen, quick, laughing
 10 wits, he appeared to discover every little thought that but peeped into their minds, before they suspected it themselves. They sometimes wished, it is true, that he had not been quite so quick-witted, and also that he would fling away his staff, which looked so mysteriously mischievous, with the snakes always writhing about it. But then, again, Quicksilver showed himself so very good-humoured, that they would have been rejoiced to keep him in their cottage, staff, snakes, and all, every day, and the
 20 whole day long.

"Ah me! Well-a-day!" exclaimed Philemon, when they had walked a little away from their door. "If our neighbours only knew what a blessed thing it is to show hospitality to strangers, they would tie up all their dogs, and never allow their children to fling another stone."

"It is a sin and shame for them to behave so,—that it is!" cried good old Baucis, vehemently.

"And I mean to go this very day, and tell some of
 30 them what naughty people they are!"

"I fear," remarked Quicksilver, slyly smiling, "that you will find none of them at home."

The elder traveller's brow, just then, assumed such a grave, stern, and awful grandeur, yet serene withal, that neither Baucis nor Philemon dared to speak a word. They gazed reverently into his face, as if they had been gazing at the sky.

"When men do not feel towards the humblest stranger as if he were a brother," said the traveller, in tones so deep, that they sounded like those of 10 an organ, "they are unworthy to exist on earth, which was created as the abode of a great human brotherhood!"

"And, by the by, my dear old people," cried Quicksilver, with the liveliest look of fun and mischief in his eyes, "where is this same village that you talk about? On which side of us does it lie? Methinks I do not see it hereabouts."

Philemon and his wife turned towards the valley, where, at sunset, only the day before, they had seen 20 the meadows, the houses, the gardens, the clumps of trees, the wide, green-margined street, with children playing in it, and all the tokens of business, enjoyment, and prosperity. But what was their astonishment! There was no longer any appearance of a village! Even the fertile vale, in the hollow of which it lay, had ceased to have existence. In its stead, they beheld the broad, blue surface of a lake, which filled the great basin of the valley from brim to brim, and reflected the surrounding hills in its 30

bosom with as tranquil an image as if it had been there ever since the creation of the world. For an instant, the lake remained perfectly smooth. Then, a little breeze sprang up, and caused the water to dance, glitter, and sparkle in the early sunbeams, and to dash, with a pleasant rippling murmur, against the hither shore.

The lake seemed so strangely familiar, that the old couple were greatly perplexed, and felt as if
10 they could only have been dreaming about a village having lain there. But, the next moment, they remembered the vanished dwellings, and the faces and characters of the inhabitants, far too distinctly for a dream. The village had been there yesterday, and now was gone!

"Alas!" cried these kind-hearted old people, "what has become of our poor neighbours?"

"They exist no longer as men and women," said the elder traveller, in his grand and deep voice,
20 while a roll of thunder seemed to echo it at a distance. "There was neither use nor beauty in such a life as theirs! for they never softened or sweetened the hard lot of mortality by the exercise of kindly affections between man and man. They retained no image of the better life in their bosoms; therefore, the lake, that was of old, has spread itself forth again, to reflect the sky!"

"And as for those foolish people," said Quicksilver, with his mischievous smile, "they are all
30 transformed to fishes. They needed but little change,

for they were already a scaly set of rascals, and the coldest-blooded beings in existence. So, kind Mother Baucis, whenever you or your husband have an appetite for a dish of broiled trout, he can throw in a line, and pull out half a dozen of your old neighbours!"

"Ah," cried Baucis, shuddering, "I would not, for the world, put one of them on the gridiron!"

"No," added Philemon, making a wry face, "we could never relish them!" 10

"As for you, good Philemon," continued the elder traveller,—“and you, kind Baucis,—you, with your scanty means,—have mingled so much heartfelt hospitality with your entertainment of the homeless stranger, that the milk became an inexhaustible fount of nectar, and the brown loaf and honey were ambrosia. Thus, the divinities have feasted, at your board, of the same viands that supply their banquets on Olympus. You have done well, my dear old friends. Wherefore, request whatever favour you 20 have most at heart, and it is granted.”

Philemon and Baucis looked at one another, and then,—I know not which of the two it was who spoke, but that one uttered the desire of both their hearts.

“Let us live together, while we live, and leave the world at the same instant, when we die! For we have always loved one another!”

“Be it so!” replied the stranger, with majestic kindness. “Now, look towards your cottage!” 30

They did so. But what was their surprise on beholding a tall edifice of white marble, with a wide-open portal, occupying the spot where their humble residence had so lately stood !

"There is your home," said the stranger, beneficently smiling on them both. "Exercise your hospitality in yonder palace as freely as in the poor hovel to which you welcomed us last evening."

The old folks fell on their knees to thank him ;
10 but, behold ! neither he nor Quicksilver was there.

So Philemon and Baucis took up their residence in the marble palace, and spent their time with vast satisfaction to themselves, in making everybody jolly and comfortable who happened to pass that way. The milk-pitcher, I must not forget to say, retained its marvellous quality of being never empty, when it was desirable to have it full. Whenever an honest, good-humoured, and free-hearted guest took a draught from this pitcher, he invariably found
20 it the sweetest and most invigorating fluid that ever ran down his throat. But, if a cross and disagreeable curmudgeon happened to sip, he was pretty certain to twist his visage into a hard knot, and pronounce it a pitcher of sour milk !

Thus the old couple lived in their palace a great, great while, and grew older and older, and very old indeed. At length, however, there came a summer morning when Philemon and Baucis failed to make their appearance, as on other mornings, with one
30 hospitable smile overspreading both their pleasant

faces, to invite the guests of over-night to breakfast. The guests searched everywhere, from top to bottom of the spacious palace, and all to no purpose. But, after a great deal of perplexity, they espied, in front of the portal, two venerable trees, which nobody could remember to have seen there the day before. Yet, there they stood, with their roots fastened deep into the soil, and a huge breadth of foliage overshadowing the whole front of the edifice. One was an oak, and the other a linden- 10 tree. Their boughs—it was strange and beautiful to see—were intertwined together, and embraced one another, so that each tree seemed to live in the other tree's bosom much more than in its own.

While the guests were marvelling how these trees, that must have required at least a century to grow, could have come to be so tall and venerable in a single night, a breeze sprang up, and set their intermingled boughs astir. And then there was a deep, broad murmur in the air, as if the two mys- 20- terious trees were speaking.

“I am old Philemon!” murmured the oak.

“I am old Baucis!” murmured the linden-tree.

But, as the breeze grew stronger, the trees both spoke at once,—“Philemon! Baucis! Baucis! Philemon!”—as if one were both and both were one, and talking together in the depths of their mutual heart. It was plain enough to perceive that the good old couple had renewed their age, and were now to spend a quiet and delightful hundred years 30-

or so, Philemon as an oak, and Baucis as a linden-tree. And oh, what a hospitable 'shade did they fling around them. Whenever a wayfarer passed beneath it, he heard a pleasant whisper of the leaves above his head, and wondered how the sound should so much resemble words like these :—

“Welcome, welcome, dear traveller, welcome!”

And some kind soul, that knew what would have pleased old Baucis and old Philemon best, built a
10 circular seat around both their trunks, where, for a great while afterwards, the weary, and the hungry, and the thirsty used to repose themselves, and quaff milk abundantly out of the miraculous pitcher.

And I wish, for all our sakes, that we had the pitcher here now !

3. THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

King Harold had risen early and had put his men in order. On the slope of the hill, just in the face of William's army as it came from Hastings, he planted the two ensigns which were always set up in an English royal army, and between which the King had his royal post. The one was the golden Dragon, the old ensign of Wessex; the other was the Standard, which seems to have been the King's own device. King Harold's Standard was a great flag, richly adorned with precious 10 stones and with the figure of a fighting-man wrought upon it in gold. As the English thus had two ensigns, they had also two war-cries. They shouted "God Almighty," which I take to have been the national war-cry, and they also shouted "Holy Cross," that is no doubt the Holy Cross of Waltham which King Harold held in such reverence. Perhaps this last was the cry of the King's own men. For there were in the English army two very different kinds of men. There were King 20 Harold's own followers, his own kinsmen and friends and Thanes and housecarls, the men of whom the Northmen said that any one could fight any other two men. These were in short the men who had won the fight of Stamfordbridge. They

wore coats of mail, and they had javelins to hurl at the beginning of the fight, and their great two-handed axes to use when the foe came to close quarters. But besides these tried soldiers there were the men who came together from the whole South and East of England, who were armed as they could arm themselves, many of them very badly. Most of them had no coats of mail or other armour, and many had neither swords nor axes. Some of them had
10 pikes, forks, anything they could bring; a very few seem to have had bows and arrows. Now in a battle on the open ground these men would have been of no use at all; the Norman horsemen would have trampled them down in a moment. But even these badly armed troops, when placed on the hill side, behind barricades, could do a good deal in driving the Normans back as they rode up. But as far as I can see King Harold put these bad troops in the back, towards what we may call the isthmus
20 of the peninsula, where the worse troops on the other side were likely to make the attack. But his picked men he put in front, where the best troops of the enemy were likely to come. So when they were all in order, King Harold rode round the hill to see that they were all ready and made a speech to his men. He told them plainly that Duke William had come across the sea to conquer them if he could; they had nothing to do but to stand firm and defend themselves against him. He
30 told them that the Norman horsemen were most

brave and terrible soldiers; if they once got on the hill, there would be very little hope; but, if the English only kept firm in their ranks, they never could get on the hill. Let the English only stand still and cut down everyone who came near the barricades, and the day was sure to be theirs. When the King had gone all round, he rode to the Standard, alighted from his horse, prayed to God for help, and stood ready with his axe till the enemy drew near. An English King, as you 10 know, always fought on foot, that he might share all the dangers of his people, and that, where the King fought, no man might think of flight. By the King stood his brothers Gyrth and Leofwine and his kinsfolk and chief friends.

Thus the English stood on the hill ready for the French host, horse and foot, who were coming across from Telham to attack them. About nine o'clock on Saturday morning they came near to the foot of the hill. And now began the great battle of 20 Senlac or Hastings. The Duke's army was in three parts. Alan and the Bretons had to attack on the left, to the west of the Abbey buildings. Roger of Montgomery with the French and Picards were on the right, near where the railway station is now. Duke William himself and the native Normans were in the midst, and they came right against the point of the hill which was crowned by the Standard, where King Harold himself stood ready for them.

First of all, the Norman archers let fly their arrows against the English; then the heavy-armed foot were to come up; and lastly the horsemen. They hoped of course that the shower of arrows would kill many of the English and put the rest into confusion, and that the heavy-armed foot would then be able to break down the barricades, so that the horsemen might ride up the hill. But first of all a man named, or rather nicknamed, *Taillefer* or *Cut-*
 10 *iron*, rode out alone from the Norman ranks. He was a juggler or minstrel, who could sing songs and play tricks, but he was a brave man all the same, and he asked Duke William's leave that he might strike the first blow, hand to hand. So Taillefer the minstrel rode forth, singing as he went, like Harold Hardrada at Stamfordbridge, and, as some say, throwing his sword up in the air and catching it again. As he came near to the English line, he managed to kill one man with his lance and an-
 20 other with his sword, but then he was cut down himself. Then the French army pressed on at all points, shouting "God help us," while our men shouted "God Almighty" and "Holy Cross." They tried very hard, first the foot and then the horse, to break down the barricade. But it was all in vain. The English hurled their javelins at them as they were drawing near, and when they came near enough, they cut them down with their axes. The Norman writers themselves tell us how dread-
 30 ful the fight was, and how the English axe, in the

hand of King Harold or of any other strong man, cut down the horse and his rider with a single blow.

Duke William and his army tried and tried again to get up the hill, but it was all in vain; our men did not swerve an inch, and they cut down every Frenchman who came near, King Harold himself and his brothers fighting among the foremost. Soon the French lines began to waver; the Bretons on the right turned and fled, and soon the Normans themselves followed. The English were now sorely 10 tempted to break their lines and pursue, which was just what King Harold had told them not to do. Some of them, seemingly the troops in the rear, where the Bretons had first given way, were foolish enough to disobey the King's orders, and to follow their flying enemies down into the plain. It seemed as if the French were utterly beaten, and a cry was raised that Duke William himself was dead. So he tore off his helmet that men might see that he was alive, and cried out, "I live, and by God's 20 help I will conquer." Then he and his brother the Bishop contrived to bring their men together again. They turned again to the fight; those who were pursued by the English cut their pursuers in pieces, and another assault on the hill began. Duke William this time had somewhat better luck. He got so near to the barricade just before the Standard that Earl Gyrth, who we know fought near his brother the King, was able to hurl a spear directly at him. It missed the Duke, but his horse was 30

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killed and fell under him, as two others did before the day was out. Duke William then pressed on on foot, and met Gyrth face to face, and slew him with his own hand. Earl Leofwine too was killed about the same time, and Roger of Montgomery and his Frenchmen on the right contrived to break down part of the barricade on that side.

So this second attack was by no means so unsuccessful as the first. The two Earls were killed,
10 and the barricade was beginning to give way. Still Duke William saw that he could never win the battle by making his horsemen charge up the hill in the teeth of the English axes. He saw that his only chance was to tempt the English to break their shield-wall, and come down into the plain. So he tried a very daring and dangerous trick. He had seen the advantage which by his good generalship he had contrived to gain out of the real flight of his men a little time before; so he ordered
20 his troops to pretend flight, and, if the English followed, to turn upon them. And so it was; the whole French army seemed to be fleeing a second time; so a great many of the English ran down the hill to chase them. As far as I can make out, it was only the light-armed, the troops on the right, who did this; I do not think that any of King Harold's own housecarls left their ranks. But presently the Normans turned, and now the English had to fly. Those who had made this great mis-
30 take did their best to make up for it. Some

managed to seize a little hill which rose in front of the English position, and thence they hurled down javelins and stones on those who attacked them, and thus they completely cut off a party who were sent against them. Others, who knew the ground well, led the Frenchmen who chased them to a place near the isthmus where the ground is very rough, and where there is a little narrow cleft with steep sides, all covered with bushes and low trees. So the Normans came riding on, and their horses came 10 tumbling head over heels into the trap which was thus ready for them, and the English who were flying now turned round and killed the riders.

All this was bravely and cleverly done; but it could not recover the battle, now that King Harold's wise orders had once been disobeyed. The English line was broken; the hill was defenceless at many points; so the Normans could ride up, and the battle was now fought on the hill. The fight was by no means over yet; the English had 20 lost their great advantage of the ground; but King Harold and all his mighty men were still there; so they still formed their shield-wall and fought with their great axes. Now if you think a moment, you will easily see that the English must have got tired much sooner than the Normans. It is a very wearying thing to stand still for a long time together, watching for the moment when one has to strike or to do anything. It is far more wearying to do this than to ride or walk or run backwards 30

and forwards, which is what the Normans had to do. I suppose it was through sheer weariness that the English seem to have gradually lost their close array, so that the battle changed into a series of single combats; here one or two Frenchmen cutting down an Englishman, here one or two Englishmen cutting down a Frenchman. Very valiant deeds of this kind were done by many men in both armies. They had now been fighting ever
10 since nine in the morning, and twilight was now coming on. Luck had no doubt turned against the English; still they were by no means beaten yet, and it is by no means clear that they would have been beaten after all, if King Harold had only lived till nightfall. Here, as always in these times, everything depended on one man. Harold still lived and fought by his Standard, and it was against that point that all the devices of the Normans were now aimed. The Norman archers had begun the fight,
20 and the Norman archers were now to end it. Duke William now bade them shoot up in the air, that the arrows might fall like bolts from heaven. This device proved the most successful of all; some men were pierced right through their helmets; others had their eyes put out; others lifted up their shields to guard their heads, and so could not wield their axes so well as before. King Harold still stood—you may see him in the Tapestry, standing close by the Golden Dragon, with his axe in his hand,
30 and his shield pierced with several arrows. But now

the hour of our great King was come. Every foe who had come near him had felt the might of that terrible axe, but his axe could not guard against this awful shower of arrows. One shaft, falling, as I said, from heaven, pierced his right eye ; he clutched at it and broke off the shaft ; his axe dropped from his hand, and he fell, all disabled by pain, in his own place as King, between the two royal ensigns. Twenty Norman knights swore to take the Standard now that the King no longer defended it ; they 10 rushed on ; most of them were killed by the English who still fought around their wounded King ; but those who escaped succeeded in beating down the Standard of the Fighting Man and in bearing off the Golden Dragon. That ancient ensign, which had shone over so many battlefields, was never again carried before a true English King. Then four knights, one of whom was Count Eustace, rushed upon King Harold as he lay dying ; they killed him with several wounds, and mangled his body. 20 Such was the end of the last native King of the English, Harold the son of Godwine. He fell by the most glorious of deaths, fighting for the land and the people which he had loved so well.

4. THE PASS OF THERMOPYLÆ.

430 B. C.

There was trembling in Greece. "The Great King," as the Greeks called the chief potentate of the East, whose domains stretched from the Indian Caucasus to the Ægæus, from the Caspian to the Red Sea, was marshalling his forces against the little free states that nestled amid the rocks and gulfs of the Eastern Mediterranean. Already had his might devoured the cherished colonies of the Greeks on the eastern shore of the Archipelago, and every traitor
10 to home institutions found a ready asylum at that despotic court, and tried to revenge his own wrongs by whispering incitements to invasion. "All people, nations, and languages," was the commencement of the decrees of that monarch's court; and it was scarcely a vain boast, for his satraps ruled over subject kingdoms, and among his tributary nations he counted the Chaldean, with his learning and old civilization, the wise and steadfast Jew, the skilful Phœnician, the learned Egyptian,
20 the wild freebooting Arab of the desert, the dark-skinned Ethiopian, and over all these ruled the keen witted, active native Persian race, the conquerors of all the rest, and led by a chosen band proudly called the Immortal. His many capitals—Babylon

the great, Susa, Persepolis, and the like—were names of dreamy splendour to the Greeks, described now and then by Ionians from Asia Minor who had carried their tribute to the king's own feet, or by courtier slaves who had escaped with difficulty from being all too serviceable at the tyrannic court. And the lord of this enormous empire was about to launch his countless host against the little cluster of states, the whole of which together would hardly equal one province of the huge Asiatic realm! 10 Moreover, it was a war not only on the men but on their gods. The Persians were zealous adorers of the sun and of fire, they abhorred the idol-worship of the Greeks, and defiled and plundered every temple that fell in their way. Death and desolation were almost the best that could be looked for at such hands—slavery and torture from cruelly barbarous masters would only too surely be the lot of numbers, should their land fall a prey to the conquerors. 20

True it was that ten years back the former Great King had sent his best troops to be signally defeated upon the coast of Attica; but the losses at Marathon had but stimulated the Persian lust of conquest, and the new King Xerxes was gathering together such myriads of men as should crush down the Greeks and overrun their country by mere force of numbers.

The muster place was at Sardis, and there Greek spies had seen the multitudes assembling and the 30

state and magnificence of the king's attendants. Envoys had come from him to demand earth and water from each state in Greece, as emblems that land and sea were his, but each state was resolved to be free, and only Thessaly, that which lay first in his path, consented to yield the token of subjugation. A council was held at the Isthmus of Corinth, and attended by deputies from all the states of Greece to consider of the best means
 10 of defence. The ships of the enemy would coast round the shores of the Ægean sea, the land army would cross the Hellespont on a bridge of boats lashed together, and march southwards into Greece. The only hope of averting the danger lay in defending such passages as, from the nature of the ground, were so narrow that only a few persons could fight hand to hand at once, so that courage would be of more avail than numbers.

The first of these passes was called Tempe,
 20 and a body of troops was sent to guard it; but they found that this was useless and impossible, and came back again. The next was at Thermopylæ. Look in your map of the Archipelago, or Ægean Sea, as it was then called, for the great island of Negropont, or by its old name, Eubœa. It looks like a piece broken off from the coast, and to the north is shaped like the head of a bird, with the beak running into a gulf, that would fit over it, upon the main land, and between
 30 the island and the coast is an exceedingly narrow

strait. The Persian army would have to march round the edge of the gulf. They could not cut straight across the country, because the ridge of mountains called Cæta rose up and barred their way. Indeed, the woods, rocks, and precipices came down so near the sea-shore, that in two places there was only room for one single wheel track between the steeps and the impassable morass that formed the border of the gulf on its south side. These two very narrow places were called the gates 10 of the pass, and were about a mile apart. There was a little more width left in the intervening space; but in this there were a number of springs of warm mineral water, salt and sulphurous, which were used for the sick to bathe in, and thus the place was called Thermopylæ, or the Hot Gates. A wall had once been built across the westernmost of these narrow places, when the Thessalians and Phocians, who lived on either side of it, had been at war with one another; but it had been allowed 20 to go to decay, since the Phocians had found out that there was a very steep narrow mountain path along the bed of a torrent, by which it was possible to cross from one territory to the other without going round this marshy coast road.

This was, therefore, an excellent place to defend. The Greek ships were all drawn up on the further side of Eubœa to prevent the Persian vessels from getting into the strait and landing men beyond the pass, and a division of the army was sent off 30

to guard the Hot Gates. The council at the Isthmus did not know of the mountain pathway, and thought that all would be safe as long as the Persians were kept out of the coast path.

The troops sent for this purpose were from different cities, and amounted to about 4,000, who were to keep the pass against two millions. The leader of them was Leonidas, who had newly become one of the two kings of Sparta, the city that above all
10 in Greece trained its sons to be hardy soldiers, dreading death infinitely less than shame. Leonidas had already made up his mind that the expedition would probably be his death, perhaps because a prophecy had been given at the Temple at Delphi that Sparta should be saved by the death of one of her kings of the race of Hercules. He was allowed by law to take with him 300 men, and these he chose most carefully, not merely for their strength and courage, but selecting those who had
20 sons, so that no family might be altogether destroyed. These Spartans, with their helots or slaves, made up his own share of the numbers, but all the army was under his generalship. It is even said that the 300 celebrated their own funeral rites before they set out, lest they should be deprived of them by the enemy, since, as we have already seen, it was the Greek belief that the spirits of the dead found no rest till their obsequies had been performed. Such preparations did not daunt the spirits of
30 Leonidas and his men. and his wife, Gorgo, was

not a woman to be faint-hearted or hold him back. Long before, when she was a very little girl, a word of hers had saved her father from listening to a traitorous message from the King of Persia; and every Spartan lady was bred up to be able to say to those she best loved that they must come home from battle "with the shield or on it"—either carrying it victoriously or borne upon it as a corpse.

When Leonidas came to Thermopylæ, the Phocians told him of the mountain path through the 10 chestnut woods of Mount Cæta, and begged to have the privilege of guarding it on a spot high up on the mountain side, assuring him that it was very hard to find at the other end, and that there was every probability that the enemy would never discover it. He consented, and encamping around the warm springs, caused the broken wall to be repaired, and made ready to meet the foe.

The Persian army were seen covering the whole country like locusts, and the hearts of some of the 20 southern Greeks in the pass began to sink. Their homes in the Peloponnesus were comparatively secure—had they not better fall back and reserve themselves to defend the Isthmus of Corinth? But Leonidas, though Sparta was safe below the Isthmus, had no intention of abandoning his northern allies, and kept the other Peloponnesians to their posts, only sending messengers for further help.

Presently a Persian on horseback rode up to reconnoitre the pass. He could not see over the wall, 30

but in front of it and on the ramparts, he saw the Spartans, some of them engaged in active sports and others in combing their long hair. He rode back to the king, and told him what he had seen. Now, Xerxes had in his camp an exiled Spartan Prince, named Demaratus, who had become a traitor to his country, and was serving as counsellor to the enemy. Xerxes sent for him, and asked whether his countrymen were mad to be thus employed instead of fleeing away; but Demaratus made answer that a hard fight was no doubt in preparation, and that it was the custom of the Spartans to array their hair with especial care when they were about to enter upon any great peril. Xerxes would, however, not believe that so petty a force could intend to resist him, and waited four days, probably expecting his fleet to assist him, but as it did not appear, the attack was made.

The Greeks, stronger men and more heavily armed, were far better able to fight to advantage than the Persians with their short spears and wicker shields, and beat them off with great ease. It is said that Xerxes three times leapt off his throne in despair at the sight of his troops being driven backwards; and thus for two days it seemed as easy to force a way through the Spartans as through the rocks themselves. Nay, how could slavish troops, dragged from home to spread the victories of an ambitious king, fight like freemen who felt that their strokes were to defend their homes and children?

But on that evening a wretched man, named Ephialtes, crept into the Persian camp, and offered, for a great sum of money, to show the mountain path that would enable the enemy to take the brave defenders in the rear! A Persian general, named Hydarnes, was sent off at night-fall with a detachment to secure this passage, and was guided through the thick forests that clothed the hill-side. In the stillness of the air, at daybreak, the Phocian guards of the path were startled by the crackling of the 10 chestnut leaves under the tread of many feet. They started up, but a shower of arrows was discharged on them, and forgetting all save the present alarm, they fled to a higher part of the mountain, and the enemy, without waiting to pursue them, began to descend.

As day dawned, morning light showed the watchers of the Grecian camp below a glittering and shimmering in the torrent bed where the shaggy forests opened; but it was not the sparkle of 20 water, but the shine of gilded helmets and the gleaming of silvered spears! Moreover, a Cimmerian crept over to the wall from the Persian camp with tidings that the path had been betrayed, that the enemy were climbing it, and would come down beyond the Eastern gate. Still, the way was rugged and circuitous, the Persians would hardly descend before mid-day, and there was ample time for the Greeks to escape before they could thus be shut in by the enemy. 30

There was a short council held over the morning sacrifice. Megistias, the seer, on inspecting the entrails of the slain victim, declared, as well he might, that their appearance boded disaster. Him Leonidas ordered to retire, but he refused, though he sent home his only son. There was no disgrace to an ordinary tone of mind in leaving a post that could not be held and Leonidas recommended all the allied troops under his command to march away while
 10 yet the way was open. As to himself and his Spartans, they had made up their minds to die at their post, and there could be no doubt that the example of such a resolution would do more to save Greece than their best efforts could ever do if they were careful to reserve themselves for another occasion.

All the allies consented to retreat, except the eighty men who came from Mycenæ and the 700 Thespians, who declared that they would not desert
 20 Leonidas. There were also 400 Thebans who remained; and thus the whole number that stayed with Leonidas to confront two million of enemies were fourteen hundred warriors, besides the helots or attendants on the 300 Spartans, whose number is not known, but there was probably at least one to each. Leonidas had two kinsmen in the camp, like himself, claiming the blood of Hercules, and he tried to save them by giving them letters and messages to Sparta; but one answered that "he
 30 had come to fight, not to carry letters"; and the

other, that "his deeds would tell all that Sparta wished to know." Another Spartan, named Dienices, when told that the enemy's archers were so numerous that their arrows darkened the sun, replied, "So much the better, we shall fight in the shade." Two of the 300 had been sent to a neighbouring village, suffering severely from a complaint in the eyes. One of them called Eurytus, put on his armour, and commanded his helot to lead him to his place in the ranks; the other, called Aristodemus, 10 was so overpowered with illness that he allowed himself to be carried away with the retreating allies. It was still early in the day when all were gone, and Leonidas gave the word to his men to take their last meal. "To-night," he said, "we shall sup with Pluto."

Hitherto, he had stood on the defensive, and had husbanded the lives of his men; but he now desired to make as great a slaughter as possible, so as to inspire the enemy with dread of the Grecian 20 name. He therefore marched out beyond the wall, without waiting to be attacked, and the battle began. The Persian captains went behind their wretched troops and scourged them on to the fight with whips! Poor wretches, they were driven on to be slaughtered, pierced with the Greek spears, hurled into the sea, or trampled into the mud of the morass; but their inexhaustible numbers told at length. The spears of the Greeks broke under hard service, and their swords alone remained; 30

they began to fall, and Leonidas himself was among the first of the slain. Hotter than ever was the fight over his corpse, and two Persian princes, brothers of Xerxes, were there killed; but at length word was brought that Hydarnes was over the pass, and that the few remaining men were thus enclosed on all sides. The Spartans and Thebians made their way to a little hillock within the wall, resolved to let this be the place of their last stand; but the hearts of the Thebans failed them, and they came towards the Persians holding out their hands in entreaty for mercy. Quarter was given to them, but they were all branded with the king's mark as untrustworthy deserters. The helots probably at this time escaped into the mountains; while the small desperate band stood side by side on the hill still fighting to the last, some with swords, others with daggers, others even with their hands and teeth, till not one living man remained amongst them when the sun went down. There was only a mound of slain, bristled over with arrows.

Twenty thousand Persians had died before that handful of men! Xerxes asked Demaratus if there were many more at Sparta like these, and was told there were 8,000. It must have been with a somewhat failing heart that he invited his courtiers from the fleet to see what he had done to the men who dared to oppose him! and showed them the head and arm of Leonidas set upon a cross; but he took care that all his own slain, except 1,000,

should first be put out of sight. The body of the brave king was buried where he fell, as were those of the other dead. Much envied were they by the unhappy Aristodemus, who found himself called by no name but the "Coward," and was shunned by all his fellow-citizens. No one would give him fire or water, and after a year of misery, he redeemed his honour by perishing in the fore-front of the battle of Plataea, which was the last blow that drove the Persians ingloriously from Greece.

5. THE WINNING OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

Then out spoke Ancaios the helmsman, "We are come to our goal at last, for there are the roofs of Aietes, and the woods where all poisons grow; but who can tell us where among them is hid the golden fleece? Many a toil must we bear ere we find it, and bring it home to Greece."

But Jason cheered the heroes, for his heart was high and bold; and he said, "I will go alone up to Aietes, though he be the child of the Sun, and
10 win him with soft words. Better so than to go all together, and to come to blows at once." But the Minuai would not stay behind, so they rowed boldly up the stream.

And a dream came to Aietes, and filled his heart with fear. He thought he saw a shining star, which fell into his daughter's lap; and that Medeia his daughter took it gladly, and carried it to the river-side, and cast it in, and there the whirling river bore it down, and out into the Euxine Sea.

20 Then he leapt up in fear, and bade his servants bring his chariot, that he might go down to the river-side and appease the nymphs, and the heroes whose spirits haunt the bank. So he went down in his golden chariot, and his daughters by his side,

Medeia the fair witch-maiden, and Chalciopé, who had been Phrixûs' wife, and behind him a crowd of servants and soldiers, for he was a rich and mighty prince.

And as he drove down by the reedy river he saw *Argo* sliding up beneath the bank, and many a hero in her, like Immortals for beauty and for strength, as their weapons glittered round them in the level morning sunlight, through the white mist of the stream. But Jason was the noblest of all; for Hera, 10 who loved him, gave him beauty and tallness and terrible manhood.

And when they came near together and looked into each other's eyes the heroes were awed before Aietes as he shone in his chariot, like his father the glorious Sun; for his robes were of rich gold tissue, and the rays of his diadem flashed fire; and in his hand he bore a jewelled sceptre, which glittered like the stars; and sternly he looked at them under his brows, and sternly he spoke and loud — 20

"Who are you, and what want you here, that you come to the shore of Cutaia? Do you take no account of my rule, nor of my people the Colchians who serve me, who never tired yet in the battle, and know well how to face an invader?"

And the heroes sat silent awhile before the face of that ancient king. But Hera the awful goddess put courage into Jason's heart, and he rose and shouted loudly in answer, "We are no pirates nor lawless men. We come not to plunder and to ravage, 30

or carry away slaves from your land ; but my uncle, the son of Poseidon, Pelias the Minuan king, he it is who has set me on a quest to bring home the golden fleece. And these too, my bold comrades, they are no nameless men ; for some are the sons of Immortals, and some of heroes far renowned. And we too never tire in battle, and know well how to give blows and to take : yet we wish to be guests at your table : it will be better so for both."

- 10 Then Aietes' rage rushed up like a whirlwind, and his eyes flashed fire as he heard ; but he crushed his anger down in his breast, and spoke mildly a cunning speech —

"If you will fight for the fleece with my Colchians, then many a man must die. But do you indeed expect to win from me the fleece in fight? So few you are that if you be worsted I can load your ship with your corpses. But if you will be ruled by me, you will find it better far to choose
20 the best man among you, and let him fulfil the labours which I demand. Then I will give him the golden fleece for a prize and a glory to you all."

So saying, he turned his horses and drove back in silence to the town. And the Minuai sat silent with sorrow, and longed for Heracles and his strength ; for there was no facing the thousands of the Colchians and the fearful chance of war.

But Chalciope, Phrixus' widow, went weeping to the town ; for she remembered her Minuan husband,
30 band, and all the pleasures of her youth, while she

watched the fair faces of his kinsmen, and their long locks of golden hair. And she whispered to Medeia her sister, "Why should all these brave men die? why does not my father give them up the fleece, that my husband's spirit may have rest?"

And Medeia's heart pitied the heroes, and Jason most of all; and she answered, "Our father is stern and terrible, and who can win the golden fleece?" But Chalciope said, "These men are not like our men; there is nothing which they cannot dare nor do." 10

And Medeia thought of Jason and his brave countenance, and said, "If there was one among them who knew no fear, I could show him how to win the fleece."

So in the dusk of evening they went down to the river-side, Chalciope and Medeia the witch-maiden, and Argus, Phrixus' son. And Argus the boy crept forward, among the beds of reeds, till he came where the heroes were sleeping, on the thwarts of the ship, beneath the bank, while Jason kept ward 20 on shore, and leant upon his lance full of thought. And the boy came to Jason, and said —

"I am the son of Phrixus, your cousin; and Chalciope my mother waits for you, to talk about the golden fleece."

Then Jason went boldly with the boy, and found the two princesses standing; and when Chalciope saw him she wept, and took his hands, and cried—

"O cousin of my beloved, go home before you die!"

"It would be base to go home now, fair princess, 30 and to have sailed all these seas in vain." Then

both the princesses besought him; but Jason said, "It is too late."

"But you know not," said Medeia, "what he must do who would win the fleece. He must tame the two brazen-footed bulls, who breathe devouring flame; and with them he must plough ere night-fall four acres in the field of Ares; and he must sow them with serpents' teeth, of which each tooth springs up into an armed man. Then he must fight
10 with all those warriors; and little will it profit him to conquer them, for the fleece is guarded by a serpent, more huge than any mountain pine; and over his body you must step if you would reach the golden fleece."

Then Jason laughed bitterly. "Unjustly is that fleece kept here, and by an unjust and lawless king; and unjustly shall I die in my youth, for I will attempt it ere another sun be set."

Then Medeia trembled, and said, "No mortal
20 man can reach that fleece unless I guide him through. For round it, beyond the river, is a wall full nine ells high, with lofty towers and buttresses, and mighty gates of threefold brass; and over the gates the wall is arched, with golden battlements above. And over the gateway sits Brimo, the wild witch-huntress of the woods, brandishing a pine-torch in her hands, while her mad hounds howl around. No man dare meet her or look on her, but only I her priestess, and she watches far and wide lest
30 any stranger should come near."

"No wall so high but it may be climbed at last, and no wood so thick but it may be crawled through; no serpent so wary but he may be charmed, or witch-queen so fierce but spells may soothe her; and I may yet win the golden fleece, if a wise maiden help bold men."

And he looked at Medeia cunningly, and held her with his glittering eye, till she blushed and trembled, and said—

"Who can face the fire of the bull's breath, and 10 fight ten thousand armed men?"

"He whom you help," said Jason, flattering her, "for your fame is spread over all the earth. Are you not the queen of all enchantresses, wiser even than your sister Circe, in her fairy island in the West?"

"Would that I were with my sister Circe in her fairy island in the West, far away from sore temptation and thoughts which tear the heart! But if it must be so—for why should you die?—I have an ointment here; I made it from the magic ice-flower 20 which sprang from Prometheus' wound, above the clouds on Caucasus, in the dreary fields of snow. Anoint yourself with that, and you shall have in you seven men's strength; and anoint your shield with it, and neither fire nor sword can harm you. But what you begin you must end before sunset, for its virtue lasts only one day. And anoint your helmet with it before you sow the serpents' teeth; and when the sons of earth spring up, cast your helmet among their ranks, and the deadly crop of 30 the War-god's field will mow itself, and perish."

Then Jason fell on his knees before her, and thanked her and kissed her hands; and she gave him the vase of ointment, and fled trembling through the reeds. And Jason told his comrades what had happened, and showed them the box of ointment; and all rejoiced but Idas, and he grew mad with envy.

And at sunrise Jason went and bathed, and anointed himself from head to foot, and his shield, and his helmet, and his weapons, and bade his comrades try the spell. So they tried to bend his lance, but it stood like an iron bar; and Idas in spite hewed at it with his sword, but the blade flew to splinters in his face. Then they hurled their lances at his shield, but the spear-points turned like lead; and Caineus tried to throw him, but he never stirred a foot; and Polydeuces struck him with his fist a blow which would have killed an ox, but Jason only smiled, and the heroes danced about him with delight; and he leapt, and ran, and shouted in the joy of that enormous strength, till the sun rose, and it was time to go and to claim Aietes' promise.

So he sent up Telamon and Aithalides to tell Aietes that he was ready for the fight; and they went up among the marble walls, and beneath the roofs of gold, and stood in Aietes' hall, while he grew pale with rage.

"Fulfil your promise to us, child of the blazing Sun. Give us the serpents' teeth, and let loose the fiery bulls; for we have found a champion among us who can win the golden fleece."

And Aietes bit his lips, for he fancied that they had fled away by night: but he could not go back from his promise; so he gave them the serpents' teeth.

Then he called for his chariot and his horses, and sent heralds through all the town; and all the people went out with him to the dreadful War-god's field.

And there Aietes sat upon his throne, with his warriors on each hand, thousands and tens of thousands, clothed from head to foot in steel chain-mail. And the people and the women crowded to every 10 window and bank and wall; while the Minuai stood together, a mere handful in the midst of that great host.

And Chalciope was there and Argus, trembling, and Medeia, wrapped closely in her veil; but Aietes did not know that she was muttering cunning spells between her lips.

Then Jason cried, "Fulfil your promise, and let your fiery bulls come forth."

Then Aietes bade them open the gates, and the 20 magic bulls leapt out. Their brazen hoofs rang upon the ground, and their nostrils sent out sheets of flame, as they rushed with lowered heads upon Jason; but he never flinched a step. The flame of their breath swept round him, but it singed not a hair of his head; and the bulls stopped short and trembled when Medeia began her spell.

Then Jason sprang upon the nearest and seized him by the horn; and up and down they wrestled, till the bull fell grovelling on his knees; for the 30

heart of the brute died within him, and his mighty limbs were loosed, beneath the steadfast eye of that dark witch-maiden and the magic whisper of her lips.

So both the bulls were tamed and yoked; and Jason bound them to the plough, and goaded them onward with his lance till he had ploughed the sacred field.

And all the Minuai shouted; but Aietes bit his
10 lips with rage. for the half of Jason's work was over, and the sun was yet high in heaven.

Then he took the serpents' teeth and sowed them, and waited what would befall. But Medeia looked at him and at his helmet, lest he should forget the lesson she had taught.

And every furrow heaved and bubbled, and out of every clod arose a man. Out of the earth they rose by thousands, each clad from head to foot in steel, and drew their swords and rushed on Jason,
20 where he stood in the midst alone.

Then the Minuai grew pale with fear for him; but Aietes laughed a bitter laugh. "See! if I had not warriors enough already round me, I could call them out of the bosom of the earth."

But Jason snatched off his helmet, and hurled it into the thickest of the throng. And blind madness came upon them, suspicion, hate, and fear; and one cried to his fellow, "Thou didst strike me!" and another, "Thou art Jason; thou shalt
30 die!" So fury seized those earth-born phantoms,

and each turned his hand against the rest; and they fought and were never weary, till they all lay dead upon the ground. Then the magic furrows opened, and the kind earth took them home into her breast; and the grass grew up all green again above them, and Jason's work was done.

Then the Minuiai rose and shouted, till Prometheus heard them from his crag. And Jason cried, "Lead me to the fleece this moment, before the sun goes down." 10

But Aietes thought, "He has conquered the bulls, and sown and reaped the deadly crop. Who is this who is proof against all magic? He may kill the serpent yet." So he delayed, and sat taking counsel with his princes till the sun went down and all was dark. Then he bade a herald cry, "Every man to his home for to-night. To-morrow we will meet these heroes, and speak about the golden fleece."

Then he turned and looked at Medeia. "This is your doing, false witch-maid! You have helped 20 these yellow-haired strangers, and brought shame upon your father and yourself!"

Medeia shrank and trembled, and her face grew pale with fear; and Aietes knew that she was guilty, and whispered, "If they win the fleece, you die!"

But the Minuiai marched toward their ship, growling like lions cheated of their prey; for they saw that Aietes meant to mock them, and to cheat them out of all their toil. And Oileus said, "Let us go to the grove together, and take the fleece by force." 30

And Idas the rash cried, "Let us draw lots who shall go in first; for, while the dragon is devouring one, the rest can slay him and carry off the fleece in peace." But Jason held them back, though he praised them; for he hoped for Medeia's help.

And after awhile Medeia came trembling, and wept a long while before she spoke. And at last—

"My end is come, and I must die; for my father has found out that I have helped you. You he
10 would kill if he dared; but he will not harm you, because you have been his guests. Go, then, go, and remember poor Medeia when you are far away across the sea." But all the heroes cried—

"If you die, we die with you; for without you we cannot win the fleece, and home we will not go without it, but fall here fighting to the last man."

"You need not die," said Jason. "Flee home with us across the sea. Show us first how to win the fleece; for you can do it. Why else are you the
20 priestess of the grove? Show us but how to win the fleece, and come with us, and you shall be my queen, and rule over the rich princes of the Minuiai, in Iolcos by the sea."

And all the heroes pressed round, and vowed to her that she should be their queen.

Medeia wept, and shuddered, and hid her face in her hands; for her heart yearned after her sisters and her playfellows, and the home where she was brought up as a child. But at last she looked up
30 at Jason, and spoke between her sobs—

"Must I leave my home and my people, to wander with strangers across the sea? The lot is cast, and I must endure it. I will show you how to win the golden fleece. Bring up your ship to the wood-side, and moor her there against the bank; and let Jason come up at midnight, and one brave comrade with him, and meet me beneath the wall."

Then all the heroes cried together, "I will go!" "and I!" "and I!" And Idas the rash grew mad with envy; for he longed to be foremost in all things. 10 But Medeia calmed them, and said, "Orpheus shall go with Jason, and bring his magic harp; for I hear of him that he is the king of all minstrels, and can charm all things on earth."

And Orpheus laughed for joy, and clapped his hands, because the choice had fallen on him; for in those days poets and singers were as bold warriors as the best.

So at midnight they went up the bank, and found Medeia; and beside came Absyrtus her young brother, leading a yearling lamb. 20

Then Medeia brought them to a thicket beside the War-god's gate; and there she bade Jason dig a ditch, and kill the lamb, and leave it there, and strew on it magic herbs and honey from the honeycomb.

Then sprang up through the earth, with the red fire flashing before her, Brimo the wild witch-huntress, while her mad hounds howled around. She had one head like a horse's, and another like a ravening hound's, and another like a hissing snake's, 30

and a sword in either hand. And she leapt into the ditch with her hounds, and they ate and drank their fill, while Jason and Orpheus trembled, and Medeia hid her eyes. And at last the witch-queen vanished, and fled with her hounds into the woods; and the bars of the gates fell down, and the brazen doors flew wide, and Medeia and the heroes ran forward and hurried through the poison wood, among the dark stems of the mighty beeches, guided by the gleam of the golden fleece, until they saw it hanging on one vast tree in the midst. And Jason would have sprung to seize it; but Medeia held him back, and pointed, shuddering, to the tree-foot, where the mighty serpent lay, coiled in and out among the roots, with a body like a mountain pine. His coils stretched many a fathom, spangled with bronze and gold; and half of him they could see, but no more, for the rest lay in the darkness far beyond.

20 And when he saw them coming he lifted up his head, and watched them with his small bright eyes, and flashed his forked tongue, and roared like the fire among the woodlands, till the forest tossed and groaned. For his cries shook the trees from leaf to root, and swept over the long reaches of the river, and over Aietes' hall, and woke the sleepers in the city, till mothers clasped their children in their fear.

But Medeia called gently to him, and he stretched out his long spotted neck, and licked her hand,

30

and looked up in her face, as if to ask for food. Then she made a sign to Orpheus, and he began his magic song.

And as he sung, the forest grew calm again, and the leaves on every tree hung still; and the serpent's head sank down, and his brazen coils grew limp, and his glittering eyes closed lazily, till he breathed as gently as a child, while Orpheus called to pleasant Slumber, who gives peace to men, and beasts, and waves. 10

Then Jason leapt forward warily, and stepped across that mighty snake, and tore the fleece from off the tree-trunk; and the four rushed down the garden, to the bank where the *Argo* lay.

There was a silence for a moment, while Jason held the golden fleece on high. Then he cried, "Go now, good *Argo*, swift and steady, if ever you would see Pelion more."

And she went, as the heroes drove her, grim and silent all, with muffled oars, till the pine-wood 20 bent like willow in their hands, and stout *Argo* groaned beneath their strokes.

On and on, beneath the dewy darkness, they fled swiftly down the swirling stream; underneath black walls, and temples, and the castles of the princes of the East; past sluice-mouths, and fragrant gardens, and groves of all strange fruits; past marshes where fat kine lay sleeping, and long beds of whispering reeds: till they heard the merry music of the surge upon the bar, as it tumbled in the 30 moonlight all alone.

Into the surge they rushed, and *Argo* leapt the breakers like a horse; for she kn^ew the time was come to show her mettle, and win honour for the heroes and herself.

Into the surge they rushed, and *Argo* leapt the breakers like a horse, till the heroes stopped all panting, each man upon his oar, as she slid into the still broad sea.

Then Orpheus took his harp and sang a pæan,
10 till the heroes' hearts rose high again; and they rowed on stoutly and steadfastly, away into the darkness of the West.

6. THE RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY.

By this time July was far advanced; and the state of the city was, hour by hour, becoming more frightful. The number of the inhabitants had been thinned more by famine and disease than by the fire of the enemy. Yet that fire was sharper and more constant than ever. One of the gates was beaten in: one of the bastions was laid in ruins; but the breaches made by day were repaired by night with indefatigable activity. Every attack was still repelled. But the fighting men of the garrison were so much exhausted that they could scarcely keep their legs. Several of them, in the act of striking at the enemy, fell down from mere weakness. A very small quantity of grain remained, and was doled out by mouthfuls. The stock of salted hides was considerable, and by gnawing them the garrison appeased the rage of hunger. Dogs, fattened on the blood of the slain who lay unburied round the town, were luxuries which few could afford to purchase. The price of a whelp's paw was five shillings and sixpence. Nine horses were still alive, and but barely alive. They were so lean that little meat was likely to be found upon them. It was, however, determined to slaughter them for food. The people perished so fast that it was impossible

for the survivors to perform the rites of sepulture. There was scarcely a cellar in which some corpse was not decaying. Such was the extremity of distress, that the rats who came to feast in those hideous dens were eagerly hunted and greedily devoured. A small fish, caught in the river, was not to be purchased with money. The only price for which such a treasure could be obtained was some handfuls of oatmeal. Leprosies, such as
10 strange and unwholesome diet engenders, made existence a constant torment. The whole city was poisoned by the stench exhaled from the bodies of the dead and of the half dead. That there should be fits of discontent and insubordination among men enduring such misery was inevitable. At one moment it was suspected that Walker had laid up somewhere a secret store of food, and was revelling in private, while he exhorted others to suffer resolutely for the good cause. His house was
20 strictly examined: his innocence was fully proved: he regained his popularity; and the garrison, with death in near prospect, thronged to the cathedral to hear him preach, drank in his earnest eloquence with delight, and went forth from the house of God with haggard faces and tottering steps, but with spirit still unsubdued. There were, indeed, some secret plottings. A very few obscure traitors opened communications with the enemy. But it was
30 ly concealed. None dared to utter publicly any

words save words of defiance and stubborn resolution. Even in that extremity the general cry was "No surrender." And there were not wanting voices which, in low tones, added, "First the horses and hides; and then the prisoners; and then each other." It was afterwards related, half in jest, yet not without a horrible mixture of earnest, that a corpulent citizen, whose bulk presented a strange contrast to the skeletons which surrounded him, thought it expedient to conceal himself from the 10 numerous eyes which followed him with cannibal looks whenever he appeared in the streets.

It was no slight aggravation of the sufferings of the garrison that all this time the English ships were seen far off in Lough Foyle. Communication between the fleet and the city was almost impossible. One diver who had attempted to pass the boom was drowned. Another was hanged. The language of signals was hardly intelligible. On the thirteenth of July, however, a piece of paper sewed up in a 20 cloth button came to Walker's hands. It was a letter from Kirke, and contained assurances of speedy relief. But more than a fortnight of intense misery had since elapsed; and the hearts of the most sanguine were sick with deferred hope. By no art could the provisions which were left be made to hold out two days more.

Just at this time Kirke received a despatch from England, which contained positive orders that Londonderry should be relieved. He accordingly 30

determined to make an attempt which, as far as appears, he might have made, with at least an equally fair prospect of success, six weeks earlier.

Among the merchant ships which had come to Lough Foyle under his convoy was one called the Mountjoy. The master, Micaiah Browning, a native of Londonderry, had brought from England a large cargo of provisions. He had, it is said, repeatedly remonstrated against the inaction of the armament.

10 He now eagerly volunteered to take the first risk of succouring his fellow citizens; and his offer was accepted. Andrew Douglas, master of the Phoenix, who had on board a great quantity of meal from Scotland, was willing to share the danger of the honour. The two merchantmen were to be escorted by the Dartmouth frigate of thirty six guns, commanded by Captain John Leake, afterwards an admiral of great fame.

It was the thirtieth of July. The sun had just

20 set: the evening sermon in the cathedral was over; and the heartbroken congregation had separated, when the sentinels on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along both shores. The ships were in extreme peril: for the river was low; and the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the head quarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most

30 numerous. Leake performed his duty with a skill

and spirit worthy of his noble profession, exposed his frigate to cover the merchantmen, and used his guns with great effect. At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. Then the Mountjoy took the lead, and went right at the boom. The huge barricade cracked and gave way: but the shock was such that the Mountjoy rebounded, and stuck in the mud. A yell of triumph rose from the banks: the Irish rushed to their boats, and were preparing to board; but the Dartmouth poured on 10 them a well directed broadside, which threw them into disorder. Just then the Phoenix dashed at the breach which the Mountjoy had made, and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising fast. The Mountjoy began to move, and soon passed safe through the broken stakes and floating spars. But her brave master was no more. A shot from one of the batteries had struck him; and he died by the most enviable of all deaths, in sight of the city which was his birthplace, which 20 was his home, and which had just been saved by his courage and self-devotion from the most frightful form of destruction. The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began; but the flash of the guns was seen, and the noise heard, by the lean and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. When the Mountjoy grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that 30

moment has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes. Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half hour of suspense. It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome them. A screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing place from the batteries on the other side of the river; and then the work of unloading began. First were
10 rolled on shore barrels containing six thousand bushels of meal. Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, fitches of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of pease and biscuit, ankers of brandy. Not many hours before, half a pound of tallow and three quarters of a pound of salted hide had been weighed out with niggardly care to every fighting man. The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef, and a pint of pease. It is easy to imagine with what tears
20 grace was said over the suppers of that evening. There was little sleep on either side of the wall. The bonfires shone bright along the whole circuit of the ramparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night; and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous defiance. Through the whole of the thirty first of July the batteries of the enemy continued to play. But, soon after the sun had again gone down, flames were seen arising from the camp;
30 and, when the first of August dawned, a line of

smoking ruins marked the site lately occupied by the huts of the besiegers; and the citizens saw far off the long column of pikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle towards Strabane.

So ended this great siege, the most memorable in the annals of the British Isles. It had lasted a hundred and five days. The garrison had been reduced from about seven thousand effective men to about three thousand. The loss of the besiegers cannot be precisely ascertained. Walker estimated 10 it at eight thousand men. It is certain from the despatches of Avaux that the regiments which returned from the blockade had been so much thinned that many of them were not more than two hundred strong. Of thirty six French gunners who had superintended the cannonading, thirty one had been killed or disabled. The means both of attack and of defence had undoubtedly been such as would have moved the great warriors of the Continent to laughter; and this is the very circum- 20 stance which gives so peculiar an interest to the history of the contest. It was a contest, not between engineers, but between nations; and the victory remained with the nation which, though inferior in number, was superior in civilisation, in capacity for selfgovernment, and in stubbornness of resolution.

7. A JOURNEY IN THE DESERT.

The manner of my daily march was this. At about an hour before dawn I rose, and made the most of about a pint of water which I allowed myself for washing. Then I breakfasted upon tea and bread. As soon as the beasts were loaded, I mounted my camel and pressed forward. My poor Arabs being on foot would sometimes moan with fatigue and pray for rest, but I was anxious to enable them to perform their contract for bringing me to Cairo
10 within the stipulated time, and I did not, therefore, allow a halt until the evening came. About midday, or soon after, Mysseri used to bring up his camel alongside of mine and supply me with a piece of the dried bread softened in water, and also (as long as it lasted) with a piece of the tongue. After this there came into my hand (how well I remember it!) the little tin cup half filled with wine and water.

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert you have no particular point to make for
20 as your resting-place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs; even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly reared hills—you pass through valleys dug out by the last week's storm, and the hills and the valleys

are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in the sense of sky. You look to the sun, for he is your taskmaster, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your 10 near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you; then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides overhead, by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. 20 Time labours on—your skin glows, your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond; but conquering Time marches on, and by-and-by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand right along on the way for Persia. Then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the 30

redness of roses: the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on; comes burning with blushes, yet comes and clings to his side.

Then begins your season of rest. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent; there is no living thing to dispute your choice. When at last the spot had been fixed upon and we came to a halt, one of the
10 Arabs would touch the chest of my camel, and utter at the same time a peculiar gurgling sound. The beast instantly understood and obeyed the sign, and slowly sank under me, till she brought her body to a level with the ground; then gladly enough I alighted. The rest of the camels were unloaded and turned loose to browse upon the shrubs of the Desert, where shrubs there were, or where these failed, to wait for the small quantity of food that was allowed them out of our stores.

20 My servants, helped by the Arabs, busied themselves in pitching the tent and kindling the fire. Whilst this was doing I used to walk away towards the East, confiding in the print of my foot as a guide for my return. Apart from the cheering voices of my attendants, I could better know and feel the loneliness of the Desert. The influence of such scenes, however, was not of a softening kind, but filled me rather with a sort of childish exultation in the self-sufficiency which enabled me to stand
30 thus alone in the wideness of Asia—a short-lived

pride, for wherever man wanders he still remains tethered by the chain that links him to his kind; and so when the night closed round me I began to return—to return as it were to my own gate. Reaching at last some high ground, I could see, and see with delight, the fire of our small encampment, and when at last I regained the spot, it seemed a very home that had sprung up for me in the midst of these solitudes. My Arabs were busy with their bread—Mysseri rattling teacups; the little kettle with her 10 odd, old-maidish looks sat humming away old songs about England, and two or three yards from the fire my tent stood prim and tight, with open portal and with welcoming look.

Sometimes in the earlier part of my journey the night-breeze blew coldly; when that happened the dry sand was heaped up outside round the skirts of the tent, and so the Wind, that everywhere else could sweep as he listed along these dreary plains, was forced to turn aside in his course, and make way, 20 as he ought, for the Englishman. Then within my tent there were heaps of luxuries—dining-rooms, dressing-rooms, libraries, bed-rooms, drawing-rooms, oratories—all crowded into the space of a hearthrug. The first night, I remember, with my books and maps about me, I wanted a light. They brought me a taper, and immediately from out of the silent Desert there rushed in a flood of life, unseen before. Monsters of moths of all shapes and hues, that never before perhaps had looked upon the shining of a 30

flame, now madly thronged into my tent, and dashed through the fire of the candle till they fairly extinguished it with their burning limbs. Those who had failed in attaining this martyrdom suddenly became serious, and clung despondingly to the canvas.

By-and-by there was brought to me the fragrant tea, and big masses of scorched and scorching toast, and the butter that had come all the way to me in
 10 this Desert of Asia from out of that poor, dear, starving Ireland. I feasted like a king—like four kings—like a boy in the fourth form.

When the cold, sullen morning dawned, and my people began to load the camels, I always felt loath to give back to the waste this little spot of ground that had glowed for a while with the cheerfulness of a human dwelling. One by one the cloaks, the saddles, the baggage, the hundred things that strewed the ground and made it look so familiar—all these
 20 were taken away, and laid upon the camels. A speck in the broad tracts of Asia remained still impressed with the mark of patent portmanteaus and the heels of London boots; the embers of the fire lay black and cold upon the sand; and these were the signs we left.

My tent was spared to the last, but when all else was ready for the start then came its fall; the pegs were drawn, the canvas shivered, and in less than a minute there was nothing that remained of my
 30 genial home but only a pole and a bundle.

8. PERSEUS AND THE GORGON'S HEAD.

PART I.

HOW PERSEUS VOWED A RASH VOW.

Fifteen years were past and gone, and the babe was now grown to be a tall lad and a sailor, and went many voyages after merchandise to the islands round. His mother called him Perseus; but all the people in Seriphos said that he was not the son of mortal man, and called him the son of Zeus, the king of the Immortals. For though he was but fifteen, he was taller by a head than any man in the island; and he was the most skilful of all in running and wrestling and boxing, and in throwing 10 the quoit and the javelin, and in rowing with the oar, and in playing on the harp, and in all which befits a man. And he was brave and truthful, gentle and courteous, for good old Dictys had trained him well; and well it was for Perseus that he had done so. For now Danae and her son fell into great danger, and Perseus had need of all his wit to defend his mother and himself.

I said that Dictys' brother was Polydectes, king of the island. He was not a righteous man, like 20 Dictys; but greedy, and cunning, and cruel. And when he saw fair Danae, he wanted to marry her. But she would not; for she did not love him, and

cared for no one but her boy, and her boy's father, whom she never hoped to see again. At last Polydectes became furious; and while Perseus was away at sea he took poor Danae away from Dictys, saying, "If you will not be my wife, you shall be my slave." So Danae was made a slave, and had to fetch water from the well, and grind in the mill, and perhaps was beaten, and wore a heavy chain, because she would not marry that cruel
10 king. But Perseus was far away, over the seas in the isle of Samos, little thinking how his mother was languishing in grief.

Now one day at Samos, while the ship was lading, Perseus wandered into a pleasant wood to get out of the sun, and sat down on the turf and fell asleep. And as he slept a strange dream came to him—the strangest dream which he had ever had in his life.

There came a lady to him through the wood,
20 taller than he, or any mortal man; but beautiful exceedingly, with great grey eyes, clear and piercing, but strangely soft and mild. On her head was a helmet, and in her hand a spear. And over her shoulder, above her long blue robes, hung a goat-skin, which bore up a mighty shield of brass, polished like a mirror. She stood and looked at him with her clear grey eyes; and Perseus saw that her eyelids never moved, nor her eyeballs, but looked straight through and through him, and into
30 his very heart, as if she could see all the secrets of

his soul, and knew all that he had ever thought or longed for since the day that he was born. And Perseus dropped his eyes, trembling and blushing, as the wonderful lady spoke.

"Perseus, you must do an errand for me."

"Who are you, lady? And how do you know my name?"

"I am Pallas Athené; and I know the thoughts of all men's hearts, and discern their manhood or their baseness. And from the souls of clay I turn 10 away, and they are blest, but not by me. They fatten at ease, like sheep in the pasture, and eat what they did not sow, like oxen in the stall. They grow and spread, like the gourd along the ground; but, like the gourd, they give no shade to the traveller, and when they are ripe death gathers them, and they go down unloved into hell, and their name vanishes out of the land.

"But to the souls of fire I give more fire, and to those who are manful I give a might more than 20 man's. These are the heroes, the sons of the Immortals, who are blest, but not like the souls of clay. For I drive them forth by strange paths, Perseus, that they may fight the Titans and the monsters, the enemies of Gods and men. Through doubt and need, danger and battle, I drive them; and some of them are slain in the flower of youth, no man knows when or where; and some of them win noble names, and a fair and green old age; but what will be their latter end I know not, and none, save 30

Zeus, the father of Gods and men. Tell me now, Perseus, which of these two sorts of men seem to you more blest?"

Then Perseus answered boldly: "Better to die in the flower of youth, on the chance of winning a noble name, than to live at ease like the sheep, and die unloved and unrenowned."

Then that strange lady laughed, and held up her brazen shield, and cried: "See here, Perseus; dare
10 you face such a monster as this, and slay it, that I may place its head upon this shield?"

And in the mirror of the shield there appeared a face, and as Perseus looked on it his blood ran cold. It was the face of a beautiful woman; but her cheeks were pale as death, and her brows were knit with everlasting pain, and her lips were thin and bitter like a snake's; and instead of hair, vipers wreathed about her temples, and shot out their forked
tongues; while round her head were folded wings
20 like an eagle's, and upon her bosom claws of brass.

And Perseus looked awhile, and then said: "If there is anything so fierce and foul on earth, it were a noble deed to kill it. Where can I find the monster?"

Then the strange lady smiled again, and said: "Not yet; you are too young, and too unskilled; for this is Medusa the Gorgon, the mother of a monstrous brood. Return to your home, and do the work which waits there for you. You must play the man
30 in that before I can think you worthy to go in search of the Gorgon."

Then Perseus would have spoken, but the strange lady vanished, and he awoke; and behold, it was a dream. But day and night Perseus saw before him the face of that dreadful woman, with the vipers writhing round her head.

So he returned home; and when he came to Seriphos, the first thing which he heard was that his mother was a slave in the house of Polydectes.

Grinding his teeth with rage, he went out, and away to the king's palace, and through the men's 10 rooms, and the women's rooms, and so through all the house (for no one dared stop him, so terrible and fair was he) till he found his mother sitting on the floor, turning the stone hand-mill, and weeping as she turned it. And he lifted her up, and kissed her, and bade her follow him forth. But before they could pass out of the room Polydectes came in, raging. And when Perseus saw him, he flew upon him as the mastiff flies on the boar. "Villain and tyrant!" he cried; "is this your respect for 20 the Gods, and thy mercy to strangers and widows? You shall die!" And because he had no sword he caught up the stone hand-mill, and lifted it to dash out Polydectes' brains.

But his mother clung to him, shrieking, "Oh, my son, we are strangers and helpless in the land; and if you kill the king, all the people will fall on us, and we shall both die."

Good Dictys, too, who had come in, entreated him. "Remember that he is my brother. Remember 30

how I have brought you up, and trained you as my own son, and spare him for my sake."

Then Perseus lowered his hand; and Polydectes, who had been trembling all this while like a coward, because he knew that he was in the wrong, let Perseus and his mother pass.

Perseus took his mother to the temple of Athené, and there the priestess made her one of the temple-sweepers; for there they knew she
10 would be safe, and not even Polydectes would dare to drag her away from the altar. And there Perseus, and the good Dictys, and his wife, came to visit her every day; while Polydectes, not being able to get what he wanted by force, cast about in his wicked heart how he might get it by cunning.

Now he was sure that he could never get back Danae as long as Perseus was in the island; so he made a plot to rid himself of him. And first he pretended to have forgiven Perseus, and to have
20 forgotten Danae; so that, for a while, all went as smoothly as ever.

Next he proclaimed a great feast, and invited to it all the chiefs, and landowners, and the young men of the island, and among them Perseus, that they might all do him homage as their king, and eat of his banquet in his hall.

On the appointed day they all came; and as the custom was then, each guest brought his present with him to the king: one a horse, another a
30 shawl, or a ring, or a sword; and those who had

nothing better brought a basket of grapes, or of game; but Perseus brought nothing, for he had nothing to bring, being but a poor sailor-lad.

He was ashamed, however, to go into the king's presence without his gift; and he was too proud to ask Dictys to lend him one. So he stood at the door sorrowfully, watching the rich men go in; and his face grew very red as they pointed at him, and smiled, and whispered, "What has that foundling to give?"

Now this was what Polydectes wanted; and as 10 soon as he heard that Perseus stood without, he bade them bring him in, and asked him scornfully before them all, "Am I not your king, Perseus, and have I not invited you to my feast? Where is your present, then?"

Perseus blushed and stammered, while all the proud men round laughed, and some of them began jeering him openly. "This fellow was thrown ashore here like a piece of weed or driftwood, and yet he is too proud to bring a gift to the king." 20.

"And though he does not know who his father is, he is vain enough to let the old women call him the son of Zeus."

And so forth, till poor Perseus grew mad with shame, and hardly knowing what he said, cried out,—“A present! who are you who talk of presents? See if I do not bring a nobler one than all of yours together!”

So he said boasting; and yet he felt in his heart that he was braver than all those scoffers, and 30 more able to do some glorious deed.

"Hear him! Hear the boaster! What is it to be?" cried they all, laughing louder than ever.

Then his dream at Samos came into his mind, and he cried aloud, "The head of the Gorgon."

He was half afraid after he had said the words; for all laughed louder than ever, and Polydectes loudest of all.

"You have promised to bring me the Gorgon's head? Then never appear again in this island
10 without it. Go!"

Perseus ground his teeth with rage, for he saw that he had fallen into a trap; but his promise lay upon him, and he went out without a word.

Down to the cliffs he went, and looked across the broad blue sea; and he wondered if his dream were true, and prayed in the bitterness of his soul.

"Pallas Athené, was my dream true? and shall I slay the Gorgon? If thou didst really show me her face, let me not come to shame as a liar and
20 boastful. Rashly and angrily I promised; but cunningly and patiently will I perform."

But there was no answer, nor sign; neither thunder nor any appearance; not even a cloud in the sky.

And three times Perseus called weeping, "Rashly and angrily I promised; but cunningly and patiently will I perform."

Then he saw afar off above the sea a small white cloud, as bright as silver. And it came on, nearer and nearer, till its brightness dazzled his eyes.

30 Perseus wondered at that strange cloud, for there was no other cloud all round the sky; and

he trembled as it touched the cliff below. And as it touched, it broke, and parted, and within it appeared Pallas Athené, as he had seen her at Samos in his dream, and beside her a young man more light-limbed than the stag, whose eyes were like sparks of fire. By his side was a scimitar of diamond, all of one clear precious stone, and on his feet were golden sandals, from the heels of which grew living wings.

They looked upon Perseus keenly, and yet they 10 never moved their eyes; and they came up the cliffs towards him more swiftly than the seagull, and yet they never moved their feet, nor did the breeze stir the robes about their limbs; only the wings of the youth's sandals quivered, like a hawk's when he hangs above the cliff. And Perseus fell down and worshipped, for he knew that they were more than man.

But Athené stood before him and spoke gently, and bid him have no fear. Then — 20

"Perseus," she said, "he who overcomes in one trial merits thereby a sharper trial still. You have braved Polydectes, and done manfully. Dare you brave Medusa the Gorgon?"

And Perseus said, "Try me; for since you spoke to me in Samos a new soul has come into my breast, and I should be ashamed not to dare anything which I can do. Show me, then, how I can do this!"

"Perseus," said Athené, "think well before you attempt; for this deed requires a seven years' 30 journey, in which you cannot repent or turn back

nor escape; but if your heart fails you, you must die in the Unshapen Land, where no man will ever find your bones."

"Better so than live here, useless and despised," said Perseus. "Tell me, then, oh tell me, fair and wise Goddess, of your great kindness and condescension, how I can do but this one thing, and then, if need be, die!"

Then Athené smiled and said —

- 10 "Be patient, and listen; for if you forget my words, you will indeed die. You must go northward to the country of the Hyperboreans, who live beyond the pole, at the sources of the cold north wind, till you find the three Grey Sisters, who have but one eye and one tooth between them. You must ask them the way to the Nymphs, the daughters of the Evening Star, who dance about the golden tree, in the Atlantic island of the west. They will tell you the way to the Gorgon, that you may
- 20 slay her, my enemy, the mother of monstrous beasts. Once she was a maiden as beautiful as morn, till in her pride she sinned a sin at which the sun hid his face; and from that day her hair was turned to vipers, and her hands to eagle's claws; and her heart was filled with shame and rage, and her lips with bitter venom; and her eyes became so terrible that whosoever looks on them is turned to stone; and her children are the winged horse .
- 30 and the giant of the golden sword; and her grandchildren are Echidna the witch-adder, and Geryon the three-headed tyrant, who feeds his herds beside

the herds of hell. So she became the sister of the Gorgons, Sthein^o and Euryte the abhorred, the daughters of the Queen of the Sea. Touch them not, for they are immortal; but bring me only Medusa's head."

"And I will bring it!" said Perseus; "but how am I to escape her eyes? Will she not freeze me too into stone?"

"You shall take this polished shield," said Athené, "and when you come near her look not at her 10 herself, but at her image in the brass; so you may strike her safely. And when you have struck off her head, wrap it, with your face turned away, in the folds of the goat-skin on which the shield hangs, the hide of Amaltheié, the nurse of the Ægis-holder. So you will bring it safely back to me, and win to yourself renown, and a place among the heroes who feast with the Immortals upon the peak where no winds blow."

Then Perseus said, "I will go, though I die 20 in going. But how shall I cross the seas without a ship? And who will show me my way? And when I find her, how shall I slay her, if her scales be iron and brass?"

Then the young man spoke: "These sandals of mine will bear you across the seas, and over hill and dale like a bird, as they bear me all day long; for I am Hermes, the far-famed Argus-slayer, the messenger of the Immortals who dwell on Olympus."

Then Perseus fell down and worshipped, while the 30 young man spoke again:

"The sandals themselves will guide you on the road, for they are divine and cannot stray; and this sword itself, the Argus-slayer, will kill her, for it is divine, and needs no second stroke. Arise, and gird them on, and go forth."

So Perseus arose, and girded on the sandals and the sword.

And Athené cried, "Now leap from the cliff and be gone."

10 But Perseus lingered.

"May I not bid farewell to my mother and to Dictys? And may I not offer burnt-offerings to you, and to Hermes the far-famed Argus-slayer, and to Father Zeus above?"

"You shall not bid farewell to your mother, lest your heart relent at her weeping. I will comfort her and Dictys until you return in peace. Nor shall you offer burnt-offerings to the Olympians; for your offering shall be Medusa's head. Leap, and trust
20 in the armour of the Immortals."

Then Perseus looked down the cliff and shuddered; but he was ashamed to show his dread. Then he thought of Medusa and the renown before him, and he leaped into the empty air.

And behold, instead of falling he floated, and stood, and ran along the sky. He looked back, but Athené had vanished, and Hermes; and the sandals led him on northward ever, like a crane who follows the spring toward the Ister fens.

PART II.

HOW PERSEUS SLEW THE GORGON.

So Perseus started on his journey, going dryshod over land and sea; and his heart was high and joyful, for the winged sandals bore him each day a seven days' journey.

And he went by Cythnus, and by Ceos, and the pleasant Cyclades to Attica; and past Athens and Thebes, and the Copaic lake, and up the vale of Cephissus, and past the peaks of Œta and Pindus, and over the rich Thessalian plains, till the sunny hills of Greece were behind him, and before him 10 were the wilds of the north. Then he passed the Thracian mountains, and many a barbarous tribe, Pæons and Dardans and Triballi, till he came to the Ister stream, and the dreary Scythian plains. And he walked across the Ister dry-shod, and away through the moors and fens, day and night toward the bleak north-west, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, till he came to the Unshapen Land, and the place which has no name.

And seven days he walked through it, on a path 20 which few can tell; for those who have trodden it like least to speak of it, and those who go there again in dreams are glad enough when they awake; till he came to the edge of the everlasting night, where the air was full of feathers, and the soil was hard with ice; and there at last he found the three Grey Sisters, by the shore of the freezing sea,

nodding upon a white log of drift-wood, beneath the cold white winter moon; and they chaunted a low song together, "Why the old times were better than the new."

There was no living thing around them, not a fly, not a moss upon the rocks. Neither seal nor seagull dare come near, lest the ice should clutch them in its claws. The surge broke up in a foam, but it fell again in flakes of snow; and it frosted
10 the hair of the three Grey Sisters, and the bones in the ice-cliff above their heads. They passed the eye from one to the other, but for all that they could not see; and they passed the tooth from one to the other, but for all that they could not eat; and they sat in the full glare of the moon, but they were none the warmer for her beams. And Perseus pitied the three Grey Sisters; but they did not pity themselves.

So he said, "Oh, venerable mothers, wisdom is
20 the daughter of old age. You therefore should know many things. Tell me, if you can, the path to the Gorgon."

Then one cried, "Who is this who reproaches us with old age?" And another, "This is the voice of one of the children of men."

And he, "I do not reproach, but honour your old age, and I am one of the sons of men and of the heroes. The rulers of Olympus have sent me to you to ask the way to the Gorgon."

30 Then one, "There are new rulers in Olympus, and all new things are bad." And another, "We

hate your rulers, and the heroes, and all the children of men. We are the kindred of the Titans, and the Giants, and the Gorgons, and the ancient monsters of the deep." And another, "Who is this rash and insolent man who pushes unbidden into our world?" And the first, "There never was such a world as ours, nor will be; if we let him see it, he will spoil it all."

Then one cried, "Give me the eye, that I may see him"; and another, "Give me the tooth, that I may bite him." But Perseus, when he saw that they were foolish and proud, and did not love the children of men, left off pitying them, and said to himself, "Hungry men must needs be hasty; if I stay making many words here, I shall be starved." Then he stepped close to them, and watched till they passed the eye from hand to hand. And as they groped about between themselves, he held out his own hand gently, till one of them put the eye into it, fancying that it was the hand of her sister. Then he sprang back, and laughed, and cried—

"Cruel and proud old women, I have your eye; and I will throw it into the sea, unless you tell me the path to the Gorgon, and swear to me that you tell me right."

Then they wept, and chattered, and scolded; but in vain. They were forced to tell the truth, though, when they told it, Perseus could hardly make out the road.

"You must go," they said, "foolish boy, to the southward, into the ugly glare of the sun, till you come to Atlas the Giant, who holds the heaven

and the earth apart. And you must ask his daughters, the Hesperides, who are young and foolish like yourself. And now give us back our eye, for we have forgotten all the rest."

So Perseus gave them back their eye; but instead of using it, they nodded and fell fast asleep, and were turned into blocks of ice, till the tide came up and washed them all away. And now they float up and down like icebergs for ever, weeping wherever they
10 meet the sunshine, and the fruitful summer, and the warm south wind, which fill young hearts with joy.

But Perseus leaped away to the southward, leaving the snow and the ice behind: past the isle of the Hyperboreans, and the tin isles, and the long Iberian shore, while the sun rose higher day by day upon a bright blue summer sea. And the terns and the seagulls swept laughing round his head, and called to him to stop and play, and the dolphins gambolled up as he passed, and offered to
20 carry him on their backs. And all night long the sea-nymphs sang sweetly, and the Tritons blew upon their conchs, as they played round Galatæa their queen, in her car of pearled shells. Day by day the sun rose higher, and leaped more swiftly into the sea at night, and more swiftly out of the sea at dawn; while Perseus skimmed over the billows like a seagull, and his feet were never wetted; and leapt on from wave to wave, and his limbs were never weary, till he saw far away a mighty mountain,
30 all rose-red in the setting sun. Its feet were wrapped in forests, and its head in wreaths of cloud; and

Perseus knew that it was Atlas, who holds the heavens and the earth apart.

He came to the mountain, and leapt on shore, and wandered upward, among pleasant valleys and waterfalls, and tall trees and strange ferns and flowers; but there was no smoke rising from any glen, nor house, nor sign of man.

At last he heard sweet voices singing; and he guessed that he was come to the garden of the Nymphs, the daughters of the Evening Star. 10

They sang like nightingales among the thickets, and Perseus stopped to hear their song; but the words which they spoke he could not understand; no, nor no man after him for many a hundred years. So he stepped forward and saw them dancing, hand in hand around the charmed tree, which bent under its golden fruit; and round the tree-foot was coiled the dragon, old Ladon the sleepless snake, who lies there for ever, listening to the song of the maidens, blinking and watching with dry bright eyes. 20

Then Perseus stopped, not because he feared the dragon, but because he was bashful before those fair maids; but when they saw him, they too stopped, and called to him with trembling voices —

“Who are you? Are you Heracles the mighty, who will come to rob our garden, and carry off our golden fruit?” And he answered —

“I am not Heracles the mighty, and I want none of your golden fruit. Tell me, fair Nymphs, the way which leads to the Gorgon, that I may go on 30 my way and slay her.”

"Not yet, not yet, fair boy; come dance with us around the tree in the garden which knows no winter, the home of the south wind and the sun. Come hither and play with us awhile; we have danced along here for a thousand years, and our hearts are weary with longing for a playfellow. So come, come, come!"

"I cannot dance with you, fair maidens; for I must do the errand of the Immortals. So tell me
10 the way to the Gorgon, lest I wander and perish in the waves."

Then they sighed and wept; and answered—

"The Gorgon! she will freeze you into stone."

"It is better to die like a hero than to live like an ox in a stall. The Immortals have lent me weapons, and they will give me wit to use them."

Then they sighed again and answered, "Fair boy, if you are bent on your own ruin, be it so. We know not the way to the Gorgon; but we will
20 ask the giant Atlas, above upon the mountain peak, the brother of our father, the silver Evening Star. He sits aloft and sees across the ocean, and far away into the Unshapen Land."

So they went up the mountain to Atlas their uncle, and Perseus went up with them. And they found the giant kneeling, as he held the heavens and the earth apart.

They asked him, and he answered mildly, pointing to the sea-board with his mighty hand, "I can
30 see the Gorgons lying on an island far away, but this youth can never come near them, unless he

has the hat of darkness, which whosoever wears cannot be seen."

Then cried Perseus, "Where is that hat, that I may find it?"

But the giant smiled. "No living mortal can find that hat, for it lies in the depths of Hades, in the regions of the dead. But my nieces are immortal, and they shall fetch it for you, if you will promise me one thing and keep your faith."

Then Perseus promised; and the giant said, 10
"When you come back with the head of Medusa, you shall show me the beautiful horror, that I may lose my feeling and my breathing, and become a stone for ever; for it is weary labour for me to hold the heavens and the earth apart."

Then Perseus promised; and the eldest of the Nymphs went down, and into a dark cavern among the cliffs, out of which came smoke and thunder, for it was one of the mouths of Hell.

And Perseus and the Nymphs sat down seven 20
days, and waited trembling, till the Nymph came up again; and her face was pale, and her eyes dazzled with the light, for she had been long in the dreary darkness; but in her hand was the magic hat.

Then all the Nymphs kissed Perseus, and wept over him a long while; but he was only impatient to be gone. And at last they put the hat upon his head, and he vanished out of their sight.

But Perseus went on boldly, past many an ugly sight, far away into the heart of the Unshapen 30
Land, beyond the streams of Ocean, to the isles

where no ship cruises, where is neither night nor day, where nothing is in its right place, and nothing has a name; till he heard the rustle of the Gorgons' wings and saw the glitter of their brazen talons; and then he knew that it was time to halt, lest Medusa should freeze him into stone.

He thought awhile with himself, and remembered Athené's words. He rose aloft into the air, and held the mirror of the shield above his head, and looked
10 up into it that he might see all that was below him.

And he saw the three Gorgons sleeping, as huge as elephants. He knew that they could not see him, because the hat of darkness hid him; and yet he trembled as he sank down near them, so terrible were those brazen claws.

Two of the Gorgons were foul as swine, and lay sleeping heavily, as swine sleep, with their mighty wings outspread; but Medusa tossed to and fro restlessly, and as she tossed Perseus pitied her, she
20 looked so fair and sad. Her plumage was like the rainbow, and her face was like the face of a nymph, only her eyebrows were knit, and her lips clenched, with everlasting care and pain; and her long neck gleamed so white in the mirror that Perseus had not the heart to strike, and said, "Ah, that it had been either of her sisters!"

But as he looked, from among her tresses the vipers' heads awoke, and peeped up with their bright dry eyes, and showed their fangs, and hissed;
30 and Medusa, as she tossed, threw back her wings and showed her brazen claws; and Perseus saw

that, for all her beauty, she was as foul and venomous as the rest.

Then he came down and stepped to her boldly, and looked steadfastly on his mirror, and struck with Herpé stoutly once; and he did not need to strike again.

Then he wrapped the head in the goat-skin, turning away his eyes, and sprang into the air aloft, faster than he ever sprang before.

For Medusa's wings and talons rattled as she 10 sank dead upon the rocks; and her two foul sisters woke, and saw her lying dead.

Into the air they sprang yelling, and looked for him who had done the deed. Thrice they swung round and round, like hawks who beat for a partridge; and thrice they snuffed round and round, like hounds who draw upon a deer. At last they struck upon the scent of the blood, and they checked for a moment to make sure; and then on they rushed with a fearful howl, while the wind rattled 20 hoarse in their wings.

On they rushed, sweeping and flapping, like eagles after a hare; and Perseus' blood ran cold, for all his courage, as he saw them come howling on his track; and he cried, "Bear me well now, brave sandals, for the hounds of Death are at my heels!"

And well the brave sandals bore him, aloft through cloud and sunshine, across the shoreless sea; and fast followed the hounds of Death, as the roar of their wings came down the wind. But the roar 30 came down fainter and fainter, and the howl of

their voices died away; for the sandals were too swift, even for Gorgons, and by nightfall they were far behind, two black specks in the southern sky, till the sun sank and he saw them no more.

Then he came again to Atlas, and the garden of the Nymphs; and when the giant heard him coming, he groaned, and said, "Fulfil thy promise to me." Then Perseus held up to him the Gorgon's head, and he had rest from all his toil; for he be-
10 came a crag of stone, which sleeps for ever far above the clouds.

Then he thanked the Nymphs and asked them, "By what road shall I go homeward again, for I wandered far round in coming hither?"

And they wept and cried, "Go home no more, but stay and play with us, the lonely maidens, who dwell for ever far away from Gods and men."

But he refused, and they told him his road, and said, "Take with you this magic fruit, which, if
20 you eat once, you will not hunger for seven days. For you must go eastward and eastward ever, over the doleful Lybian shore, which Poseidon gave to Father Zeus, when he burst open the Bosphorus and the Hellespont, and drowned the fair Lectonian land. And Zeus took that land in exchange, a fair bargain, much bad ground for a little good, and to this day it lies waste and desert, with shingle and rock, and sand."

Then they kissed Perseus, and wept over him, and
30 he leapt down the mountain, and went on, lessening and lessening like a seagull, away and out to sea.

9. THE RESCUE PARTY.

The Arctic seas have been the scene of some of the most noted instances of daring and patience shown by mariners. Ever since the reign of Edward VI., when the brave Sir Hugh Willoughby and his crew all perished frozen at their posts among the rocks of Spitzbergen, the relentless ice, and soft though fatal snows of those dreary realms, have formed the grave of many a gallant sailor. Many a life has been lost in the attempt to discover the North-west passage, between Davis's and Behring's 10 Straits, and to trace the outline of the northern coast of America. Whether those lives were wasted, or whether their brave example was not worth more to the world than a few years more of continuance, is not the question here to be asked. The later Arctic voyagers had a nobler purpose than that of completing the survey of the barren coast, namely, the search for Sir John Franklin, who, in 1845, had gone forth with two tried vessels, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, on his second polar expedition, 20 and had been seen and heard of no more.

Voyage after voyage was undertaken, in the hope at first of relieving and rescuing the lost ships' companies, and then of ascertaining their fate, until the Admiralty decided that to send forth more exploring parties was a vain risking of valuable lives,

and it was only the earnest perseverance of Sir John Franklin's wife and the chivalrous adventure of individuals that carried on the search, until, at the end of fourteen years, Captain, now Sir Leopold M'Clintock, in the *Fox* yacht, discovered the last records, which placed it beyond all doubt that the gentle and courageous Franklin had died peacefully, before evil days had come on his party, and that the rest had more gradually perished under
 10 cold and hunger, in the fearful prison of icebergs.

Gallant and resolute as were all these northern travellers, there are two names that perhaps deserve, above the others, to be recorded, because their free offer of themselves was not prompted by the common tie of country. One was the French Lieutenant Bellot, who sailed in the *Albert* in 1851, and after most manful exertions, which gained the respect and love of all who sailed with him, was drowned by the breaking of the ice in Wellington
 20 Sound. The other was Dr. Elisha Kane, an American naval surgeon, who in 1853 volunteered to command an American expedition in search of the lost vessels, which some supposed to be shut up by the ice in a basin of clearer, warmer water, such as it was thought might exist round the North Pole, and the way to which might be opened or closed, according to the shifting of the icebergs.

His vessel was the brig *Advance*, and his course was directed through Davis's Straits, and on the
 30 way past the Danish settlements in Greenland, they provided themselves with a partially educated

young Esquimaux as a hunter, and with a team of dogs, which were to be used in drawing sledges over the ice in explorations.

The whole expedition was one Golden Deed, but there is not space to describe it in all its details: we must confine ourselves to the most striking episode in their adventures, hoping that it may send our readers to the book itself. The ship was brought to a standstill in Renfaelner Bay, on the west side of Smith's Strait, between the 79th and 108th degrees of latitude. It was only the 10th of September when the ice closed in so as to render further progress of the ship impossible. On the 7th of November the sun was seen for the last time, and darkness set in for 141 days — such darkness at times as was misery even to the dogs, who used to contend with one another for the power of lying within sight of the crack of light under the cabin door.

Before the light failed, however, Dr. Kane had sent out parties to make caches, or stores of provisions, at various intervals. These were to be used by the exploring companies whom he proposed to send out in sledges, while the ice was still unbroken, in hopes of thus discovering the way to the Polynia, or polar basin, in which he thought Franklin might be shut up. The same work was resumed with the first gleams of returning light in early spring, and on the 18th of March a sledge was despatched with eight men to arrange one of these depôts for future use. Towards midnight on the 29th, Dr. Kane and those who had remained in

the ship were sewing moccasins in their warm cabin by lamplight, when steps were heard above, and down came three of the absent ones, staggering, swollen, haggard, and scarcely able to speak. Four of their companions were lying under their tent frozen and disabled, "somewhere among the hummocks, to the north and east, it was drifting heavily." A brave Irishman, Thomas Hickey, had remained at the peril of his life to feed them, and these
 10 three had set out to try to obtain aid, but they were so utterly exhausted and bewildered, that they could hardly be restored sufficiently to explain themselves.

Instantly to set out to the rescue, was of course Dr. Kane's first thought, and as soon as the facts had been ascertained, a sledge, a small tent, and some pemmican, or pounded and spiced meat, were packed up; Mr. Ohlsen, who was the least disabled of the sufferers, was put into a fur bag, with his legs rolled up in dog skins and eider-
 20 down, and strapped upon the sledge, in the hope that he would serve as a guide, and nine men, with Dr. Kane, set forth across the ice in cold seventy-eight degrees below the freezing-point.

Mr. Ohlsen, who had not slept for fifty hours, dropped asleep as soon as the sledge began to move, and thus he continued for sixteen hours, during which the ten proceeded with some knowledge of their course, since huge icebergs of noted forms, stretching in "long beaded lines" across
 30 the bay, served as a sort of guide-posts. But just when they had come beyond their knowledge, except

that their missing comrades must be somewhere within forty miles round, he awoke, evidently delirious and perfectly useless. Presently, they came to a long, level floe, or field of ice, and Dr. Kane thinking it might have been attractive to weary men unable to stagger over the wild hummocks and rugged surface of the other parts, he decided to search it thoroughly. He left the sledge, raised the tent, buried the pemmican, and took poor Ohlsen out of his bag, as he was just able to keep his 10 legs, and the thermometer had sunk three degrees lower, so that to halt would have been certain death. The thirst was dreadful, for there was no waiting to melt the snow, and in such a temperature, if it be not thawed before touching the mouth, it burns like caustic, and leaves the lips and tongue bleeding. The men were ordered to spread themselves, so as to search completely; but though they readily obeyed, they could not help continually closing up together, either, Dr. Kane thought, from getting bewildered 20 by the forms of the ice, or from the invincible awe and dread of solitude, acting on their shattered nerves in that vast field of intense lonely whiteness, and in the atmosphere of deadly cold. The two strongest were seized with shortness of breath and trembling fits, and Dr. Kane himself fainted twice on the snow. Thus they had spent two hours, having been nearly eighteen without water or food, when Hans, their Esquimaux hunter, thought he saw a sledge track in the snow, and though there 30 was still a doubt whether it were not a mere rift

made by the wind, they followed it for another hour, till at length they beheld the stars and stripes of the American flag fluttering on a hummock of snow, and close behind it was the tent of the lost.

Dr. Kane was among the last to come up; his men were all standing in file beside the tent, waiting in a sort of awe for him to be the first to enter it and see whether their messmates still lived. He crawled into the darkness, and heard a burst
10 of welcome from four poor helpless figures lying stretched on their backs. "We expected you! We were sure you would come!" and then burst out a hearty cheer outside, and for the first time Dr. Kane was well-nigh overcome by strong feeling.

Here were fifteen souls in all to be brought back to the ship. The new comers had travelled without rest for twenty-one hours, and the tent would barely hold eight men, while outside, motion was the only means of sustaining life. By turns, then, the rescue
20 party took two hours of sleep each, while those who remained awake paced the snow outside, and food having been taken, the homeward journey began, but not till all the sick had been undressed, rubbed, and newly packed in double buffalo skins, in which—having had each limb swathed in reindeer skins—they were laid on their own sledge, and sewn up in one huge bale, with an opening over each mouth for breathing. This took four hours, and gave almost all the rescuers frost-bitten fingers, and then, all
30 hands standing round, a prayer was said, and the ten set out to drag the four in their sledge over ice and

snow, now in ridges, now in hummocks, up and down, hard and wild beyond conception. Ohlsen was sufficiently restored to walk, and all went cheerfully for about six hours, when every one became sensible of a sudden failure of their powers.

"Bonsall and Morton, two of our stoutest men, came to me, begging permission to sleep; they were not cold, the wind did not enter them now, a little sleep was all that they wanted. Presently Hans was found nearly stiff under a drift, and Thomas, bolt upright, 10 had his eyes closed, and could hardly articulate. At last John Blake threw himself on the snow, and refused to rise. They did not complain of feeling cold; but it was in vain that I wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered, or reprimanded, an immediate halt could not be avoided." So the tent was pitched again with much difficulty, for their hands were too powerless to strike a light, and even the whisky, which had been put under all the coverings of the sledge at the men's feet, was frozen. Into the tent all the sick and failing 20 were put, and James M'Gary was left in charge of them, with orders to come on after a halt of four hours, while Dr. Kane and William Godfrey pushed on ahead, meaning to reach the tent that had been left halfway, and thaw some food by the time the rest came up.

Happily, they were on a level tract of ice, for they could hardly have contended with difficulties in the nine miles they had still to go to this tent. They were neither of them in their right senses, but had 30 resolution enough to keep moving, and imposing on

one another a continued utterance of words ; but they lost all count of time, and could only remember having seen a bear walking leisurely along, and tearing up a fur garment that had been dropped the day before. The beast rolled it into a ball, but took no notice of them, and they proceeded steadily, so "drunken with cold," that they hardly had power to care for the sight of their half-way tent undergoing the same fate. However, their approach frightened away the
 10 bear, after it had done no worse than overthrowing the tent. The exhausted pair raised it with much difficulty, crawled in, and slept for three hours. When they awoke, Dr. Kane's beard was frozen so fast to the buffalo-skin over him, that Godfrey had to cut him out with his jack-knife ; but they had recovered their faculties, and had time to make a fire, thaw some ice, and make some soup with the pemmican, before the rest of the party arrived.

After having given them this refreshment, the last
 20 stage of the journey began, and the most severe ; for the ice was wild and rough, and exhaustion was leading to the most grievous of losses — that of self-control. In their thirst, some could no longer abstain from eating snow — their mouths swelled, and they became speechless ; and all were overpowered by the deadly sleep of cold, dropping torpid upon the snow. But Dr. Kane found that, when roused by force at the end of three minutes, these snatches of sleep did them
 30 good, and each in turn was allowed to sit on the runners of the sledge, watched, and awakened. The day was without wind and sunshiny, otherwise they

must have perished ; for the whole became so nearly delirious, that they retained no recollection of their proceedings ; they only traced their course afterwards by their footmarks. But when perception and memory were lost, obedience and self-devotion lived on — still these hungry, frost-bitten, senseless men tugged at the sledge that bore their comrades — still held together, and obeyed their leader, who afterwards continued the soundest of the party. One was sent staggering forward, and was proved by the marks in the snow to have repeatedly fallen ; but he reached the brig safely, and was capable of repeating with perfect accuracy the messages Dr. Kane had charged him with for the surgeon.

A dog-team, with a sledge and some restoratives, was at once sent out to meet the others, with the surgeon, Dr. Hayes, who was shocked at the condition in which he encountered them — four lying, sewn up in furs, on the sledge, which the other ten were drawing. These ten, three days since, hardy, vigorous men, 20 were covered with frost, feeble, and bent. They gave not a glance of recognition, but only a mere vacant, wild stare, and still staggered on, every one of them delirious. It was one o'clock in the afternoon of the third day that they arrived, after sixty-six hours' exposure, during which they had been almost constantly on foot. Most of those who still kept their footing stumbled straight on, as if they saw and heard nothing, till they came to the ship's side, where, on Dr. Kane giving the word to halt, they dropped the 30 lines, mounted the ship's side, and each made straight

for his own bed, where he rolled in, just as he was, in all his icy furs, and fell into a heavy sleep.

There were only the seven who had been left with the ship (five of them being invalids), to carry up the four helpless ones, and attend to all the rest. Dr. Kane, indeed, retained his faculties, assisted in carrying them in, and saw them attended to ; after which he lay down in his cot, but, after an hour or two, he shouted, " Halloo, on deck there ! " and when Dr.
 10 Hayes came to him, he gave orders " to call all hands to lay aft, and take two reefs in the stove-pipe ! " In like manner, each of the party, as he awoke, began to rave ; and for two days the ship was an absolute madhouse, the greater part of its inmates frantic in their several cots. Dr. Kane was the first to recover — Ohlsen the last, his mind constantly running upon the search for his comrades in the tent, which he thought himself the only person able to discover. Of those whom the party had gone to assist, good " Irish
 20 Tom " soon recovered ; but two died in the course of a few days, and the rest suffered very severely.

The rest of Dr. Kane's adventures cannot here be told ; suffice it to say, that his ship remained immovable, and, after a second winter of terrible suffering from the diseases induced by the want of fresh meat and vegetables—the place of which was ill-supplied by rats, puppies, and scurvy-grass—it was decided to take to the boats ; and, between these and sledges, the ship's company of the *Advance*, at last, found their
 30 way to Greenland, after so long a seclusion from all European news, that, when first they heard of the

Crimean war, they thought an alliance between England and France a mere hallucination of their ignorant informant. Dr. Kane—always an unhealthy man—did not live long after his return; but he survived long enough to put on record one of the most striking and beautiful histories of patience and unselfishness that form part of the best treasury this world has to show.

10. THE DEATH OF NELSON.

Early on the following morning he reached Portsmouth; and having despatched his business on shore, endeavoured to elude the populace by taking a by-way to the beach; but a crowd collected in his train, pressing forward to obtain a sight of his face. Many were in tears, and many knelt down before him, and blessed him as he passed. England has had many heroes; but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow-countrymen as

10 Nelson. All men knew that his heart was as humane as it was fearless; that there was not in his nature the slightest alloy of selfishness or cupidity; but that with perfect and entire devotion he served his country with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength, and therefore they loved him as truly and as fervently as he loved England. They pressed upon the parapet to gaze after him when his barge pushed off, and he was returning their cheers by waving his hat. The sentinels, who endeavoured

20 to prevent them from trespassing upon this ground, were wedged among the crowd; and an officer, who, not very prudently upon such an occasion, ordered them to drive the people down with their bayonets, was compelled speedily to retreat, for the people would not be debarred from gazing till the last moment upon the hero — the darling hero of England.

He arrived off Cadiz on the 29th of September, his birthday. Fearing that if the enemy knew his force they might be deterred from venturing to sea, he kept out of sight of land, desired Collingwood to fire no salute, and hoist no colours; and wrote to Gibraltar to request that the force of the fleet might not be inserted there in the *Gazette*. His reception in the Mediterranean fleet was as gratifying as the farewell of his countrymen at Portsmouth. The officers who came on board to welcome him forgot his rank as 10. commander in their joy at seeing him again. On the day of his arrival, Villeneuve received orders to put to sea the first opportunity. Villeneuve, however, hesitated when he heard that Nelson had resumed the command. He called a council of war; and their determination was, that it would not be expedient to leave Cadiz, unless they had reason to believe themselves stronger by one-third than the British force. In the public measures of this country secrecy is seldom practicable, and seldomer attempted. Here, 20 however, by the precautions of Nelson, and the wise measures of the Admiralty, the enemy were for once kept in ignorance; for as the ships appointed to reinforce the Mediterranean fleet were despatched singly, each as soon as it was ready, their collected number was not stated in the newspapers, and their arrival was not known to the enemy. But the enemy knew that Admiral Louis, with six sail, had been detached for stores and water to Gibraltar. Accident also contributed to make the French Admiral doubt 30

whether Nelson himself had actually taken the command. An American, lately arrived from England, maintained that it was impossible; for he had seen him only a few days before in London, and at that time there was no rumour of his going again to sea.

The station which Nelson had chosen was some fifty or sixty miles to the west of Cadiz, near Cape St. Mary's. At this distance he hoped to decoy the enemy out, while he guarded against the danger
 10 of being caught with a westerly wind near Cadiz, and driven within the Straits. The blockade of the port was rigorously enforced, in hopes that the combined fleet might be forced to sea by want. The Danish vessels, therefore, which were carrying provisions from the French ports in the bay, under the name of Danish property, to all the little ports from Ayamonte to Algeziras, from whence they were conveyed in coasting boats to Cadiz, were seized. Without this proper exertion of power the blockade
 20 would have been rendered nugatory, by the advantage thus taken of the neutral flag. The supplies from France were thus effectually cut off. There was now every indication that the enemy would speedily venture out; officers and men were in the highest spirits at the prospect of giving them a decisive blow, such indeed as would put an end to all further contest upon the seas. Theatrical amusements were performed every evening in most of the ships, and "God save the King" was the hymn
 30 with which the sports concluded. "I verily believe," said Nelson (writing on the 6th of October), "that

the country will soon be put to some expense for my account — either a monument, or a new pension and honours; for I have not the very smallest doubt but that a very few days, almost hours, will put us in battle. The success no man can insure; but the fighting them, if they are to be got at, I pledge myself. The sooner the better; I don't like to have these things upon my mind."

On the 9th, Nelson sent Collingwood what he called, in his diary, the "Nelson touch." "I send you," 10 said he, "my plan of attack, as far as a man dare venture to guess at the very uncertain position the enemy may be found in; but it is to place you perfectly at ease respecting my intentions, and to give full scope to your judgment for carrying them into effect. We can, my dear Coll., have no little jealousies. We have only one great object in view, that of annihilating our enemies, and getting a glorious peace for our country. No man has more confidence in another, than I have in you; and no man will render your 20 services more justice than your very old friend Nelson and Bronte." The order of sailing was to be the order of battle; the fleet in two lines, with an advanced squadron of eight of the fastest sailing two-deckers. The second in command, having the entire direction of his line, was to break through the enemy, about the twelfth ship from their rear; he would lead through the centre, and the advanced squadron was to cut off three or four ahead of the centre. This plan was to be adapted to the strength of the enemy, so that they 30 should always be one-fourth superior to those whom

they cut off. Nelson said, "That his Admirals and Captains, knowing his precise object to be that of a close and decisive action, would supply any deficiency of signals, and act accordingly. In case signals cannot be seen, or clearly understood, no Captain can do very wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy." One of the last orders of this admirable man was, that the name and family of every officer, seaman, and marine, who might be killed or wounded in action, should be, as soon as possible, returned to him, in order to be transmitted to the chairman of the Patriotic Fund, that the case might be taken into consideration, for the benefit of the sufferer, or his family.

About half-past nine in the morning of the 19th, the *Mars*, being the nearest to the fleet of the ships which formed the line of communication with the frigates in shore, repeated the signal that the enemy were coming out of port. The wind was at this time very light, with partial breezes, mostly from the S.S.W. Nelson ordered the signal to be made for a chase in the south-east quarter. About two the repeating ships announced that the enemy were at sea. All night the British fleet continued under all sail, steering to the south-east; at daybreak they were in the entrance of the Straits, but the enemy were not in sight. About seven one of the frigates made signal that the enemy were bearing north. Upon this the *Victory* hove to, and shortly afterwards Nelson made sail again to the northward. In the afternoon the wind blew fresh from the south-west, and the English began to fear

that the foe might be forced to return to port. A little before sunset, however, Blackwood, in the *Euryalus*, telegraphed that they appeared determined to go to the westward. "And that," said the Admiral in his diary, "they shall not do, if it is in the power of Nelson and Bronte to prevent them." Nelson had signified to Blackwood that he depended upon him to keep sight of the enemy. They were observed so well, that all their motions were made known to him; and, as they wore twice, he inferred that they were 10 aiming to keep the port of Cadiz open, and would retreat there as soon as they saw the British fleet. For this reason he was very careful not to approach near enough to be seen by them during the night. At daybreak the combined fleets were distinctly seen from the *Victory's* deck, formed in a close line of battle ahead, on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward, and standing to the south. Our fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line, and four frigates; theirs of thirty-three, and seven large 20 frigates. Their superiority was greater in size and weight of metal than in numbers. They had four thousand troops on board; and the best riflemen who could be procured, many of them Tyrolese, were dispersed through the ships. Little did the Tyrolese and little did the Spaniards at that day imagine what horrors the wicked tyrant whom they served was preparing for their country.

Soon after daylight Nelson came upon deck. The 21st of October was a festival in his family, because 30

on that day his uncle, Captain Suckling, in the *Dreadnought*, with two other line-of-battle ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line and three frigates. Nelson, with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be the day of his battle also; and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. The wind was now from the west, light breezes, with
 10 a long heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines, and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, led the lee line of thirteen ships; the *Victory* led the weather line of fourteen. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin, and wrote the following prayer:

“May the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct
 20 in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him who made me; and may His blessing light on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen! Amen! Amen!”

Villeneuve was a skilful seaman, worthy of serving a better master and a better cause. His plan of defence was as well conceived, and as original, as the
 30 plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's length to

windward of her second ahead and astern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered, that considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied, "I shall not be satisfied with anything short of twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him if he did 10 not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer, that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory of England shall endure—Nelson's last signal—"ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit 20 which it breathed, and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

He wore that day, as usual, his Admiral's frock-coat, bearing on the left breast four stars of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy, were beheld with ominous apprehensions by 30 his officers. It was known that there were riflemen

on board the French ships ; and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other, and the Surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the Chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public Secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress, or cover the stars : but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. "In honour I gained them," he had said, when such a thing had been

10 hinted to him formerly, "and in honour I will die with them." Mr. Beatty, however, would not have been deterred by any fear of exciting his displeasure, from speaking to him himself upon a subject in which the weal of England, as well as the life of Nelson, was concerned, but he was ordered from the deck before he could find an opportunity. This was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him ; but both Blackwood, and his own Captain, Hardy, represented to him how

20 advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible ; and he consented at last to let the *Leviathan* and the *Téméraire*, which were sailing abreast of the *Victory*, be ordered to pass ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged ; for these ships could not pass ahead if the *Victory* continued to carry all her sail, and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders.

30 A long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz. Our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically

before it, with light winds from the south-west. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy, and their well-formed line, with their numerous three-deckers, made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable; but the British sailors only admired the beauty and the splendour of the spectacle; and, in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead!

The French Admiral, from the *Bucentaure*, beheld 10 the new manner in which his enemy was advancing—Nelson and Collingwood each leading his line; and pointing them out to his officers, he is said to have exclaimed, that such conduct could not fail to be successful. Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect coolness. Ten minutes before twelve they opened their fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the *Victory*, and across her bows, fired single guns at her, 20 to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson perceived that their shot passed over him, he desired Blackwood, and Captain Prowse, of the *Sirius*, to repair to their respective frigates, and on their way to tell all the Captains of the line-of-battle ships that he depended on their exertions; and that if by the prescribed mode of attack they found it impracticable to get into action immediately, they might adopt whatever they thought best, provided it led them quickly and closely alongside an enemy. 30 As they were standing on the front of the poop,

Blackwood took him by the hand, saying he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. He replied "God bless you, Blackwood; I shall never speak to you again."

Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz; the lee line, therefore, was first engaged. "See," cried Nelson, pointing to the *Royal Sovereign* as she steered right for the
 10 centre of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the *Santa Anna*, three-decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side. "See how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action!" Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his commander and old friend, turned to his Captain, and exclaimed, "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!" Both these brave officers perhaps at this moment thought of Nelson with gratitude, for a cir-
 20 cumstance which had occurred on the preceding day. Admiral Collingwood, with some of the Captains, having gone on board the *Victory* to receive instructions, Nelson inquired of him where his Captain was, and was told in reply that they were not upon good terms with each other. "Terms!" said Nelson; "good terms with each other!" Immediately he sent a boat for Captain Rotherham; led him, as soon as he arrived, to Collingwood, and saying, "Look! yonder are the enemy," bade them shake hands like
 30 Englishmen.

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the *Victory*, till they saw that a shot had passed through her main-topgallant sail; then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colours till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. For this reason the *Santissima Trinidad*, Nelson's old acquaintance, as he 10 used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks, and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the *Victory* to be steered. Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the *Victory*. The Admiral's Secretary was one of the first who fell; he was killed by a cannon-shot while conversing with Hardy. Capt. Adair, of the Marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavoured to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott; but he anxiously asked, "Is that poor Scott that's gone?" and being 20 informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed, "Poor fellow!" Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them, upon which Nelson immediately desired Capt. Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore-brace bits on the quarter-deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle, and bruising his foot. 30 Both stopped, and looked anxiously at each other;

each supposed the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled, and said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

The *Victory* had not yet returned a single gun. Fifty of her men had been by this time killed or wounded, and her main-topmast, with all her studding sails and her booms, shot away. Nelson declared that in all his battles he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this
 10 occasion. At four minutes after twelve she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships. Hardy informed him of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied, "Take your choice, Hardy; it does not signify much." The Master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable*, just as her tiller ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside; then
 20 instantly let down her lower-deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops. He had a strong dislike to the practice, not merely because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer, and a commander now and then be picked off, but which never can decide
 30 the fate of a general engagement.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoutable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen-top, which in the then situation of the two 10 vessels was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor Secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied; "my backbone is shot through." Yet even now, not 20 for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England perhaps would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of 30 Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded

and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the Midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the Chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted
10 that the Surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurraed, and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked
20 the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Capt. Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence, Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most pain-
30 ful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well,"

replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck." Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton 10 have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh, no!" he replied; "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Capt. Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the Surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone, I know it. I feel 20 something rising in my breast"—putting his hand on his left side—"which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "So great, that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation!" Next to his country she occupied his 30 thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned; and, again taking

the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said: "Anchor, Hardy; anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed: "Do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard:" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the King to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings: "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy: take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek: and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him — for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the Chaplain, "Doctor,

I have *not* been a *great* sinner*": and after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty." These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four — three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

Once, amidst his sufferings, Nelson had expressed 10 a wish that he were dead; but immediately the spirit subdued the pains of death, and he wished to live a little longer — doubtless that he might hear the completion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously begun. That consolation, that joy, that triumph was afforded him. He lived to know that the victory was decisive; and the last guns which were fired at the flying enemy were heard a minute or two before he expired.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as some- 20 thing more than a public calamity. Men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero — the greatest of our own, and of all former times — was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly indeed had he performed his 30 part, that the maritime war, after the battle of

Trafalgar, was considered at an end. The fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed. New navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him. The general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and
 10 public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him, whom the King, the legislature, and the nation, would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and "old men from the chimney corner," to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was
 20 celebrated indeed with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas. And the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons
 30 of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they are no longer in existence.

11. A CRUSADER'S ADVENTURE.

The burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon, when a knight of the Red Cross, who had left his distant Northern home, and joined the host of the Crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, or, as it is called, the Lake Asphaltites, where the waves of the Jordan pour themselves into an inland sea, from which there is no discharge of waters.

The warlike pilgrim had toiled among cliffs and 10 precipices during the earlier part of the morning; more lately, issuing from those rocky and dangerous defiles, he had entered upon that great plain, where the accursed cities provoked, in ancient days, the direct and dreadful vengeance of the Omnipotent.

The toil, the thirst, the dangers of the way, were forgotten, as the traveller recalled the fearful catastrophe, which had converted into an arid and dismal wilderness the fair and fertile valley of Siddim, once well watered, even as the Garden of the Lord, now 20 a parched and blighted waste, condemned to eternal sterility.

Crossing himself, as he viewed the dark mass of rolling waters, in colour as in quality unlike those of every other lake, the traveller shuddered as he remembered that beneath these sluggish waves lay the

once proud cities of the plain, whose grave was dug by the thunder of the heavens, or the eruption of subterraneous fire, and whose remains were hid, even by that sea which holds no living fish in its bosom, bears no skiff on its surface, and, as if its own dreadful bed were the only fit receptacle for its sullen waters, sends not, like other lakes, a tribute to the ocean. The whole land around, as in the days of Moses, was "brimstone and salt; it is not sown, nor
 10 beareth, nor any grass groweth thereon"; the land as well as the lake might be termed dead, as producing nothing having resemblance to vegetation, and even the very air was entirely devoid of its ordinary winged inhabitants, deterred probably by the odour of bitumen and sulphur, which the burning sun exhaled from the waters of the lake, in steaming clouds, frequently assuming the appearance of waterspouts. Masses of the slimy and sulphureous substance called naphtha, which floated idly on the
 20 sluggish and sullen waves, supplied those rolling clouds with new vapours, and afforded awful testimony to the truth of the Mosaic history.

Upon this scene of desolation the sun shone with almost intolerable splendour, and all living nature seemed to have hidden itself from the rays, excepting the solitary figure which moved through the fitting sand at a foot's pace, and appeared the sole breathing thing on the wide surface of the plain. The dress of the rider, and the accoutrements of
 30 his horse, were peculiarly unfit for the traveller in such a country. A coat of linked mail, with long

sleeves, plated gauntlets, and a steel breastplate, had not been esteemed a sufficient weight of armour ; there was also his triangular shield suspended round his neck, and his barred helmet of steel, over which he had a hood and collar of mail, which was drawn around the warrior's shoulders and throat, and filled up the vacancy between the hauberk and the headpiece. His lower limbs were sheathed, like his body, in flexible mail, securing the legs and thighs, while the feet rested in plated shoes, which corresponded with 10 the gauntlets. A long, broad, straight-shaped, double-edged falchion, with a handle formed like a cross, corresponded with a stout poniard on the other side. The knight also bore, secured to his saddle, with one end resting on his stirrup, the long steel-headed lance, his own proper weapon, which, as he rode, projected backwards, and displayed its little pennoncelle, to dally with the faint breeze, or drop in the dead calm. To this cumbrous equipment must be added a surcoat 20 of embroidered cloth, much frayed and worn, which was thus far useful, that it excluded the burning rays of the sun from the armour, which they would otherwise have rendered intolerable to the wearer. The surcoat bore, in several places, the arms of the owner, although much defaced. These seemed to be a couchant leopard, with the motto, " I sleep — wake me not." An outline of the same device might be traced on his shield, though many a blow had almost effaced the painting. The flat top of his cumbrous cylindrical helmet was unadorned with any crest. In 30 retaining their own unwieldy defensive armour, the

Northern Crusaders seemed to set at defiance the nature of the climate and country to which they had come to war.

The accoutrements of the horse were scarcely less massive and unwieldy than those of the rider. The animal had a heavy saddle plated with steel, uniting in front with a species of breastplate, and behind with defensive armour made to cover the loins. Then there was a steel axe, or hammer, called a mace-of-
 10 arms, and which hung to the saddlebow; the reins were secured by chain-work, and the front-stall of the bridle was a steel plate, with apertures for the eyes and nostrils, having in the midst a short sharp pike, projecting from the forehead of the horse like the horn of the fabulous unicorn.

But habit had made the endurance of this load of panoply a second nature, both to the knight and his gallant charger. Numbers, indeed, of the Western warriors who hurried to Palestine died ere they be-
 20 came inured to the burning climate; but there were others to whom that climate became innocent and even friendly, and among this fortunate number was the solitary horseman who now traversed the border of the Dead Sea.

Nature, which cast his limbs in a mould of uncommon strength, fitted to wear his linked hauberk with as much ease as if the meshes had been formed of cobwebs, had endowed him with a constitution as strong as his limbs, and which bade defiance to almost
 30 all changes of climate, as well as to fatigue and privations of every kind. His disposition seemed, in

some degree, to partake of the qualities of his bodily frame ; and as the one possessed great strength and endurance, united with the power of violent exertion, the other, under a calm and undisturbed semblance, had much of the fiery and enthusiastic love of glory which constituted the principal attribute of the renowned Norman line, and had rendered them sovereigns in every corner of Europe where they had drawn their adventurous swords.

It was not, however, to all the race that fortune 10 proposed such tempting rewards ; and those obtained by the solitary knight during two years' campaign in Palestine had been only temporal fame, and, as he was taught to believe, spiritual privileges. Meantime, his slender stock of money had melted away, the rather that he did not pursue any of the ordinary modes by which the followers of the Crusade condescended to recruit their diminished resources, at the expense of the people of Palestine ; he exacted no gifts from the wretched natives for sparing their possessions when 20 engaged in warfare with the Saracens, and he had not availed himself of any opportunity of enriching himself by the ransom of prisoners of consequence. The small train which had followed him from his native country had been gradually diminished, as the means of maintaining them disappeared, and his only remaining squire was at present on a sick-bed, and unable to attend his master, who travelled, as we have seen, singly and alone. This was of little consequence to the Crusader, who was accustomed to consider his 30 good sword as his safest escort, and devout thoughts as his best companion.

Nature had, however, her demands for refreshment and repose, even on the iron frame and patient disposition of the Knight of the Sleeping Leopard; and at noon, when the Dead Sea lay at some distance on his right, he joyfully hailed the sight of two or three palm-trees, which arose beside the well which was assigned for his midday station. His good horse, too, which had plodded forward with the steady endurance of his master, now lifted his head, expanded
 10 his nostrils, and quickened his pace, as if he snuffed afar off the living waters, which marked the place of repose and refreshment. But labour and danger were doomed to intervene ere the horse or horseman reached the desired spot.

As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm-trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and
 20 advanced towards the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the wind, on his nearer approach, showed to be a Saracen cavalier. "In the desert," saith an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The Crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now approached on his gallant barb, as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe—perhaps, as a vowed champion of the Cross, he might rather have preferred the latter.
 30 He disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest with its point

half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger, with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs and the inflection of his body than by any use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand; so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented 10 with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the Western lance. His own long spear was not couched or levelled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard should put his horse to the gallop to encounter him. But the Christian knight, 20 well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight, and that of his powerful charger, would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion. Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result. the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached towards the Christian 30 within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his

steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice around his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred yards. A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the heathen renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat
10 without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this illusory warfare, in which he might at length have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddlebow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the Emir, for such and not less his enemy appeared. The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler
20 betwixt the mace and his head; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and, though that defence also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprang from the ground, and, calling on his steed, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard hoped to deprive him. But the latter
30 had in the meanwhile recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and

dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force, while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung, with great address, a short bow, which he carried at his back, and putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which 10 he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armour, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse. But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach! Even 20 in this deadly grapple, the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt, in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and, thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle, which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. 30 These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to

a truce. He approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

"There is truce betwixt our nations," he said, in the *Lingua Franca* commonly used for the purpose of communication with the Crusaders; "wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me? — Let there be peace bewixt us."

"I am well contented," answered he of the Couchant Leopard; "but what security dost thou offer
10 that thou wilt observe the truce?"

"The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken," answered the Emir. "It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage."

The Crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts.

"By the cross of my sword," he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, "I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we re-
20 main in company together."

"By Mohammed, Prophet of God, and by Allāh, God of the Prophet," replied his late foeman, "there is not treachery in my heart towards thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy approach."

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to
30 the little cluster of palm-trees.

12. RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.

The stranger who would form a correct opinion of the English character, must not confine his observations to the metropolis. He must go forth into the country; he must sojourn in villages and hamlets; he must visit castles, villas, farm-houses, cottages; he must wander through parks and gardens; along hedges and green lanes; he must loiter about country churches; attend wakes and fairs, and other rural festivals; and cope with the people in all their conditions, and all their habits and humours. 10

In some countries the large cities absorb the wealth and fashion of the nation; they are the only fixed abodes of elegant and intelligent society, and the country is inhabited almost entirely by boorish peasantry. In England, on the contrary, the metropolis is a mere gathering-place, or general rendezvous of the polite classes, where they devote a small portion of the year to a hurry of gaiety and dissipation, and having indulged this kind of carnival, return again to the apparently more congenial habits of rural life. 20

The various orders of society are therefore diffused over the whole surface of the kingdom, and the most retired neighbourhoods afford specimens of the different ranks.

The English, in fact, are strongly gifted with the rural feeling. They possess a quick sensibility to the beauties of nature, and a keen relish for the pleasures and employments of the country. The passion seems inherent in them. Even the inhabitants of cities, born and brought up among brick walls and bustling streets, enter with facility into rural habits, and evince a tact for rural occupation. The merchant has his snug retreat in the vicinity of the metropolis, 10 where he often displays as much pride and zeal in the cultivation of his flower-garden, and the maturing of his fruits, as he does in the conduct of his business and the success of a commercial enterprise. Even those less fortunate individuals, who are doomed to pass their lives in the midst of din and traffic, contrive to have something that shall remind them of the green aspect of nature. In the most dark and dingy quarters of the city, the drawing-room window resembles frequently a bank of flowers; every spot capable of 20 vegetation has its grass-plot and flower-bed; and every square its mimic park, laid out with picturesque taste, and gleaming with refreshing verdure.

Those who see the Englishman only in town are apt to form an unfavourable opinion of his social character. He is either absorbed in business, or distracted by the thousand engagements that dissipate time, thought, and feeling, in this huge metropolis. He has, therefore, too commonly a look of hurry and abstraction. Wherever he happens to be, he is on the point 30 of going somewhere else; at the moment he is talking

on one subject, his mind is wandering to another; and while paying a friendly visit, he is calculating how he shall economize time so as to pay the other visits allotted in the morning. An immense metropolis, like London, is calculated to make men selfish and uninteresting. In their casual and transient meetings they can but deal briefly in common-places. They present but the cold superficies of character—its rich and genial qualities have no time to be warmed into a flow.

It is in the country that the Englishman gives scope 10 to his natural feelings. He breaks loose gladly from the cold formalities and negative civilities of town; throws off his habits of shy reserve, and becomes joyous and free-hearted. He manages to collect round him all the conveniences and elegancies of polite life, and to banish its restraints. His country-seat abounds with every requisite, either for studious retirement, tasteful gratification, or rural exercise. Books, paintings, music, horses, dogs, and sporting implements of all kinds, are at hand. He puts no con- 20 straint either upon his guests or himself, but in the true spirit of hospitality provides the means of enjoyment, and leaves every one to partake according to his inclination.

The taste of the English in the cultivation of land, and in what is called landscape gardening, is unrivalled. They have studied nature intently, and discover an exquisite sense of her beautiful forms and harmonious combinations. Those charms, which in other countries she lavishes in wild solitudes, are 30

here assembled round the haunts of domestic life. They seem to have caught her coy and furtive graces, and spread them, like witchery, about their rural abodes.

Nothing can be more imposing than the magnificence of English park scenery. Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage: the solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades,
 10 with the deer trooping in silent herds across them; the hare, bounding away to the covert; or the pheasant, suddenly bursting upon the wing: the brook taught to wind in natural meanderings, or expand into a glassy lake: the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf sleeping on its bosom, and the trout roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters, while some rustic temple or sylvan statue, grown green and dank with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion.

20 These are but a few of the features of park scenery; but what most delights me, is the creative talent with which the English decorate the unostentatious abodes of middle life. The rudest habitation, the most unpromising and scanty portion of land, in the hands of an Englishman of taste, becomes a little paradise. With a nicely discriminating eye, he seizes at once upon its capabilities, and pictures in his mind the future landscape. The sterile spot grows
 30 into loveliness under his hand; and yet the operations of art which produce the effect are scarcely to

be perceived. The cherishing and training of some trees ; the cautious pruning of others ; the nice distribution of flowers and plants of tender and graceful foliage ; the introduction of a green slope of velvet turf ; the partial opening to a peep of blue distance, or silver gleam of water : all these are managed with a delicate tact, a pervading yet quiet assiduity, like the magic touchings with which a painter finishes up a favourite picture.

The residence of people of fortune and refinement 10 in the country has diffused a degree of taste and elegance in rural economy, that descends to the lowest class. The very labourer, with his thatched cottage and narrow slip of ground, attends to their embellishment. The trim hedge, the grass-plot before the door, the little flower-bed bordered with snug box, the woodbine trained up against the wall, and hanging its blossoms about the lattice, the pot of flowers in the window, the holly, providentially planted about the house, to cheat winter of its dreariness, and to 20 throw in a semblance of green summer to cheer the fireside : all these bespeak the influence of taste, flowing down from high sources, and pervading the lowest levels of the public mind. If ever Love, as poets sing, delights to visit a cottage, it must be the cottage of an English peasant.

The fondness for rural life among the higher classes of the English has had a great and salutary effect upon the national character. I do not know a finer race of men than the English gentlemen. 30

Instead of the softness* and effeminacy which characterize the men of rank in most countries, they exhibit a union of elegance and strength, a robustness of frame and freshness of complexion, which I am inclined to attribute to their living so much in the open air, and pursuing so eagerly the invigorating recreations of the country. These hardy exercises produce also a healthful tone of mind and spirits, and a manliness and simplicity of manners,
10 which even the follies and dissipations of the town cannot easily pervert, and can never entirely destroy. In the country, too, the different orders of society seem to approach more freely, to be more disposed to blend and operate favourably upon each other. The distinctions between them do not appear to be so marked and impassable as in the cities. The manner in which property has been distributed into small estates and farms has established a regular gradation from the nobleman, through the classes of gentry,
20 small landed proprietors, and substantial farmers, down to the labouring peasantry; and while it has thus banded the extremes of society together, has infused into each intermediate rank a spirit of independence. This, it must be confessed, is not so universally the case at present as it was formerly; the larger estates having, in late years of distress, absorbed the smaller; and, in some parts of the country, almost annihilated the sturdy race of small farmers. These, however, I believe, are but casual breaks in the general
30 system I have mentioned.

In rural occupation there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. Such a man may be simple and rough, but he cannot be vulgar. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders in rural life, as he does when he causally mingles with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance 10 and reserve, and is glad to waive the distinctions of rank, and to enter into the honest, heartfelt enjoyments of common life. Indeed, the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together; and the sound of hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony. I believe this is one great reason why the nobility and gentry are more popular among the inferior orders in England than they are in any other country; and why the latter have endured so many excessive pressures and extremities, without repining 20 more generally at the unequal distribution of fortune and privilege.

To this mingling of cultivated and rustic society may also be attributed the rural feeling that runs through British literature; the frequent use of illustrations from rural life; those incomparable descriptions of nature that abound in the British poets, that have continued down from "the Flower and the Leaf" of Chaucer, and have brought into our closets all the freshness and fragrance of the dewy landscape. The 30

pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid nature an occasional visit, and become acquainted with her general charms; but the British poets have lived and revelled with her—they have wooed her in her most secret haunts—they have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze—a leaf could not rustle to the ground—a diamond drop could not patter in the stream—a fragrance could not exhale from the
 10 humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality.

The effect of this devotion of elegant minds to rural occupations has been wonderful on the face of the country. A great part of the island is rather level, and would be monotonous, were it not for the charms of culture: but it is studded and gemmed, as it were, with castles and palaces, and embroidered with parks
 20 and gardens. It does not abound in grand and sublime prospects, but rather in little home scenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet. Every antique farmhouse and moss-grown cottage is a picture; and as the roads are continually winding, and the view is shut in by groves and hedges, the eye is delighted by a continual succession of small landscapes of captivating loveliness.

The great charm, however, of English scenery is the moral feeling that seems to pervade it. It is associat-
 30 ed in the mind with ideas of order, of quiet, of sober,

well-established principles, of hoary usage and reverend custom. Everything seems to be the growth of ages of regular and peaceful existence. The old church of remote architecture, with its low, massive portal, its Gothic tower, its windows rich with tracery and painted glass, in scrupulous preservation, its stately monuments of warriors and worthies of the olden time, ancestors of the present lords of the soil; its tombstones, recording successive generations of sturdy yeomanry, whose progeny still plough the same fields, and kneel 10 at the same altar — the parsonage, a quaint, irregular pile, partly antiquated, but repaired and altered in the tastes of various ages and occupants — the stile and footpath leading from the church-yard, across pleasant fields, and along shady hedge-rows, according to an immemorial right of way — the neighbouring village, with its venerable cottages, its public green sheltered by trees, under which the forefathers of the present race have sported — the antique family mansion, standing apart in some little rural domain, but 20 looking down with a protecting air on the surrounding scene: all these common features of English landscape evince a calm and settled security, and hereditary transmission of home-bred virtues and local attachments, that speak deeply and touchingly for the moral character of the nation.

It is a pleasing sight of a Sunday morning, when the bell is sending its sober melody across the quiet fields, to behold the peasantry in their best finery, with ruddy faces and modest cheerfulness, thronging 30

tranquilly along the green lanes to church; but it is still more pleasing to see them in the evenings, gathering about their cottage doors, and appearing to exult in the humble comforts and embellishments which their own hands have spread around them.

It is this sweet home-feeling, this settled repose of affection in the domestic scene, that is, after all, the parent of the steadiest virtues and purest enjoyments.

NOTES.

1. THE UGLY DUCKLING.

Page 1. 5. Egyptian. Storks were supposed to go south into Egypt for the winter.

12. burdock, a plant with large, broad leaves.

Page 2. 2. peep ... quack ... cluck. These words, which are imitations of natural sounds, are called *onomatopæic*.

13. parson, a general name for a clergyman or priest, especially of the Church of England.

Page 4. 3. to the farmyard, *i.e.* to the inhabitants of the yard. This figure of speech, in which the name of one thing is changed for the name of another closely associated with it, is called *Metonymy*.

10. whetting, rubbing on a stone or piece of wood in order to sharpen it.

15. has Spanish blood, is very proud, for Spaniards were considered remarkable for pride.

Page 5. 15. drake, male duck.

28. spur, the spike sticking out backwards from a cock's foot.

Page 6. 14. palings, fence.

Page 7. 2. goslings, young geese.

3. saucy, impudent.

6. bird of passage, passing from one country to another according to the season.

Page 8. 21. tom-cat, male cat.

Page 13. 16. elders, shrubs with small berries.

2. THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER.

Page 16. 1. Philemon and Baucis. Pronounce *Fileémon* and *Baw'sis*.

frugal, plain and simple.

20. well-a-day, alas. [Strictly *welaway*, from O. E. *wa la wa*, lit. 'woe! lo! woe!']

23. patting them on the head, to show pleasure and give encouragement.

Page 17. 13. pretty, fairly.

15. distaff, a wooden staff or stick for holding the ball of flax from which the thread is drawn in spinning.

Page 18 9. subsided, fell to a lower level.

13. meandered, wandered in a winding course. [Meander was the name of a Phrygian river famous for its windings.]

Page 19. 6. by way of, to show.

28. liveries, uniforms worn by servants.

29. civil, polite and courteous; originally, having the manners of one who lives in city as distinct from the rougher manners of dwellers in the country or of savages. [Latin *civis*, a citizen.]

obsequious, extremely attentive and submissive.

Page 20. 3. get their ears boxed, be struck on the side of the head with a flat hand.

4. presumed, dared (to do something not allowable).

7. only it proved, except that it proved.

Page 21. 7. clad. This old form of *clothed* is no longer used in everyday prose.

Page 22. 12. took, struck.

Page 25. 26. loquacious, talkative.

28. pronounced, called, declared

Page 26. 25. tittle, small part.

28. garrulously, at great length giving many details.

Page 27. 23. had we known, if we had known: a form of speech still used.

Page 28. 4. fare, food.

5. nectar and ambrosia, the drink and food of the gods.

17. auditors, hearers The word is now chiefly used in the special sense of men who examine accounts to see if they are correct.

28. gravity and decorum, seriousness and dignity.

30. taken up, busy. [Strictly, his attention was taken up.]

31. had been about, had been doing.

Page 29. 1. there was but, there was only.

14. narrow circumstances, poverty.

24. athirst, a word no longer used for 'thirsty.'

Page 31. 2. cascade, lit. a small waterfall.

25. of her own kneading, a thoroughly idiomatic phrase for 'which she herself had kneaded.'

Page 32. 12. arbour, a rustic shelter from sun and rain formed by vines or other creeping plants or branches of trees, usually interwoven with a lattice framework.

honey suckle, a beautiful and finely scented flower.

Page 34. 27. inspired them with, caused them to feel; lit. breathed into them.

Page 35. 4. make it out, understand it.

5. what to make of, what to think of.

20. betimes, early, in good time (adv.)

Page 33. 5. insensibly, gradually. [Lit. so as not to be felt or noticed.]

8. illimitable, boundless. [*In* (not) = *limitable*.]

Page 37. 4. serene, calm, placid, undisturbed.

5. withal, also, at the same time. [Archaic].

18. methinks, not an ungrammatical expression for 'I think,' but 'it seems to me.'

22. green-margined, *i.e.* with grass growing at each side.

Page 33. 23. mortality, mankind, the human race. Abstract put for concrete by the figure of synecdoche.

24. retained no image, etc. This probably refers to the idea that our souls have existed previously in a higher life.

26. that was of old, existed in old times.

Page 39. 1. scaly, mean and low-minded. Quicksilver is playing upon the two different meanings of the word, just as he uses the term cold-blooded both in its literal meaning and its metaphorical sense (equivalent to 'hard-hearted,' *i.e.* lacking in human affection).

5. line, the cord which is used to carry a hook for fishing.

8. gridiron, an iron grating placed over a fire to support the trout or other fish that was to be broiled (*i.e.* roasted).

9. making a wry face, twisting his mouth to show how unpleasant he would consider such a thing.

10. relish, eat with pleasure.

16. fount, an old word for 'fountain', now only used in poetry.

17. divinities, gods. Quicksilver was Mercury, the messenger of the gods. He was called Hermes by the Greeks; he had sandals provided with wings, and a hat with a broad brim, which also is usually represented with wings. These strange things were of course noticed indistinctly by Philemon when they arrived. His companion was Jupiter, the chief of the gods.

your board, your table.

18. viands, food. [Rarely used in modern prose].

21. have at heart, desire.

Page 40. 22. curmudgeon, an ungracious, surly fellow.

23. visage, face.

Page 41. 1. of over-night, of the previous evening.

12. intertwined together. This is a pleonasm, for *together* is redundant or unnecessary because *intertwined* itself means 'twined together'.

3. THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

William, Duke of Normandy, saying that he had good claims to the throne of England, landed with an army at Pevensey in Sussex, and advanced against the English army which had taken a position on the low hill of Senlac, near Hastings.

Page 48. 4. ensigns, flags.

11. wrought, worked, embroidered.

16. Waltham, the name of an Abbey in Essex built by Harold.

22. Thanes, men of good birth who gave their military services to the king in return for the lands they held of him.

housecarls, soldiers of the king's bodyguard.

23. Northmen, men from Norway and Denmark. After many plundering expeditions they had finally conquered part of England and established kings (*e. g.* Cnut). They also conquered part of France, and were there called Normans.

25. Stamford Bridge, in Yorkshire. Here Harold had defeated an invading army of Northmen under their king, Harold Hadrada, who was joined by Tostig, brother of the English King.

Page 44. 1. mail, chain-armour made of interwoven steel links.

10. pikes, spears.

20. the peninsula. The hill being, so to speak, cut off from the surrounding ground, was so far like a peninsula.

Page 45. 22. Bretons, men from Brittany (in France), of which Alan was Count.

24. French, men from the Isle of France, the country round Paris, at no part much more than 200 miles in extent.

Picards, from a part of France called Picardy (round about Amiens, on the River Somme.)

Page 48. 13. in the teeth of, directly against.

Page 50. 28. the Tapestry. At Bayeux in France was preserved a piece of tapestry on which are embroidered pictures representing the Norman conquest.

4. THE PASS OF THERMOPYLÆ.

[It is important that the places mentioned should be looked out in a map of Greece, preferably in a Classical atlas.]

Page 52. 2. potentate, ruler.

3. Indian Caucasus, the Hindu Kush range of mountains.

4. *Ægæus*, *Ægean Sea*, or *Archipelago* between Greece and Asia Minor.

5. *marshalling*, collecting and arranging in order. [A marshal was originally one who looked after horses, then one who superintended tournaments, finally a high military officer above the rank of general.]

9. *Archipelago*. This name, which means literally 'chief sea', was applied in particular to the *Ægean Sea* above mentioned. It is also extended to any sea thickly scattered with islands. The 'eastern shore' is of course the coast of Asia Minor.

10. *home institutions*, the political organisation of his native land.

asylum, place of refuge ready to receive him.

15. *satraps*, governors of provinces.

20. *freebooting*, wandering about in search of plunder.

21. *Ethiopian*, from north-east Africa.

Page 53. 3. *Ionians*. *Ionian* was an Athenian colony on the west coast of Asia Minor.

6. *all too serviceable*, probably by obeying their master's commands to murder some one, after which they themselves would be put to death to ensure secrecy.

16. *looked for*, *expected*.

22. *signally*, *decisively*, *completely*.

29. *Sardis*, a town in Asia Minor on the west coast.

Page 54. 8. *deputies*, *representatives*, men to whom power is deputed or transferred for a time by the principal holders of it.

12. *Hellespont*, the straits, now known as the *Dardanelles*.

19. *Tempe* (pronounced as two syllables), in the north-east of Thessaly where the river *Peneus* flowed into the sea between mounts *Olympus* and *Ossa* (now *Kissavo Yuni*). The vale was famed for its beauty.

Page 56. 14. *Delphi*, on Mount *Parnassus*. The priestess of the god *Apollo* gave oracular replies to questions regarding future events; she was said to sit over a cleft from which issued intoxicating vapours.

28. *obsequies*, funeral ceremonies.

29. *daunt the spirits of*, *discourage* (lit. *daunt* = check).

Page 57. 22. *Peloponnesus*, that part of Greece south of the *Isthmus*.

Page 58. 1. *ramparts*, a thick wall round a fortified place.

Page 59. 22. *Cimmerian*. According to the Greek historian *Herodotus*, the *Cimmerian* tribe had come to Asia Minor from what is now southern Russia.

Page 60. 2. ~~seer~~, the man who sees into the future.

Page 61. 16. Pluto, god of the Lower World whither went the shades or spirits of the dead.

5. THE WINNING OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

Phrixus and Helle, children of a king of the Minuui, were about to be sacrificed owing to a plot of their stepmother, when a golden ram rescued them and carried them off to the north. Helle fell off into the straits, which, after her, were called the Hellespont, but Phrixus arrived at the land of Colchis. He married Chalciopé, the daughter of Aietes, its king, and then sacrificed the ram, and Aietes nailed the ram's fleece to a beech-tree in the grove of Ares the war-god.

Jason set out with other heroes of the Minuui in the good ship Argo.

Page 64. 4. ~~hid~~, hidden.

19. ~~Euxine~~, the Black Sea.

22. ~~nymphs~~, minor female deities of the river.

Page 65. 8. ~~level~~. As the sun was only just rising its rays would be almost horizontal.

10. ~~Hera~~, wife of Zeus, chief of the gods.

17. ~~diadem~~, a small crown, or jewelled head-band.

22. ~~Cutaia~~, the chief town of Colchis.

Page 66. 2. ~~Poseidon~~, the sea-god.

17. ~~worsted~~, defeated.

26. ~~there was no facing~~, it was impossible to fight.

Page 67. 19. ~~thwarts~~, the seats for the rowers.

20. ~~ward~~, guard.

Page 68. 22. ~~ell~~, an old measure of a yard and a quarter.

Page 69. 1. ~~no wall so high but it may be~~, there is no wall so high that it may not be...

15. ~~Circe~~, a famous enchantress who turned all her lovers into beasts by making them drink from her magic cup. (Pronounce Sir'-see).

21. ~~Prometheus~~, (prom-ee'-thuce), a Titan's son who stole fire from heaven for mankind. In punishment he was chained to Mount Caucasus, where a vulture preyed upon his vitals.

27. ~~its virtue~~, its power.

Page 70. 15. ~~throw him~~, *i. e.*, down on to the ground.

Page 71. 16. ~~spells~~, words with magical power.

Page 74. 20. ~~show us but how~~, show us only how.

Page 75. 5. moor, either anchor, or fasten to the bank with ropes.

21. yearling, a year old.

Page 76. 25. reaches of a river are straight portions between one turning and another.

Page 77. 18. Pelion, a mountain in Thessaly, near which the Minuiai lived.

20. muffled, wrapped round with cloth so as to deaden the sound.

26. sluice-mouths, openings through which other streams flowed into the river, especially, those fitted with water-gates to regulate the flow of the water.

28. kine, an old plural of *cow*.

30. surge upon the bar, the foam of the waves which break upon the sand banks at the mouth of the river.

Page 78. 3. mettle, fine quality.

6. breakers, breaking waves.

9. pæan, song of praise.

6. THE RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY.

When James II. was deposed in favour of William III. and driven from England, he was helped with French officers and money to raise rebellion amongst the Catholics in Ireland. The Protestants, greatly outnumbered, were driven northwards, and took refuge chiefly in Londonderry, although it was hardly fortified. James laid siege to the city, and to prevent supplies and reinforcements being brought constructed a boom or barricade across the River Foyle. A relieving force with supplies was sent from England, but Kirke, the commander, considered it unsafe or impossible to reach the city, and so lay inactive for weeks at the mouth of the river.

Page 79. 7. bastion, a work projecting from the corner of the main wall of a fortification.

8. indefatigable, untiring.

11. keep their legs, stand upright on their legs.

14. doled out, dealt out in small quantities.

22. but barely, only just.

Page 80. 1. rites of sepulture, the burial ceremony.

9. leprosies, here used of skin diseases in general.

10. engenders, causes.

16. Walker, one of the two governors elected by the citizens; he was in charge of the stores. He was a clergyman.

Page 81. 3. there ~~were~~ not wanting, there were some. These suggestions were of course about food. .

8. corpulent, fat.

10. expedient, advisable.

11. with cannibal looks, *i. e.* as if they would like to eat him.

13. it was [an] *agrgavation* of, it increased.

no slight *aggravation*, a great *aggravation*. This is an example of the figure of *litotes*; an affirmative statement is made by a negative of the contrary. Similarly 'He was no fool' means 'He was a wise man'

20. sewed, *sewn* is now more common as participle.

22. Kirke, the commander of the relieving expedition.

assurances, certain promises.

Page 82. 6. master, captain.

9. armament, the armed fleet.

15. merchantmen, ships carrying cargo, not intended for regular fighting.

escorted, accompanied for protection.

16. frigate, a small warship.

29. batteries, groups of cannon.

Page 83. 11. broadside, a volley shot from all the cannon on one side of the ship.

Page 84. 1. livid, deathly pale.

5. quay, landing place.

10. bushel, a measure of volume.

12. flitches of bacon, sides of hogs salted.

13. anker, a liquid measure.

20. grace was said, a blessing was asked on, and thanks given for food.

22. bonfires, large blazing fires made in the open air to show joy.

25. peal, a continuous sound or succession of sounds.

28. play, fire.

Page 85. 3. pikes, spears.

4. Strabane, 10 miles south of Londonderry.

6. annals, history.

12. Avaux, a French count sent by Louis XIV. to help James.

7. A JOURNEY ACROSS THE DESERT.

Page 86. 1. the manner of my march, the manner in which I travelled. The word *march* of course applies strictly to travelling on foot, but may also be used of cavalry or, as here, of men mounted on camels.

2. made the most of, made the best possible use of.
 10. stipulated, agreed.
 12. Mysseri, a Greek servant.
- Page 87. 2. *samely*, monotonous (an unusual word).
8. strike your tent, take down.
 11. near side, left side.
 16. the touch of his flaming sword, an imaginative phrase for the intense heat.
 19. web, texture.
 25. has compassed, gone the round of.
 26. softly, with milder heat. Since the sun rose on their left and set on their right they were obviously travelling south.
 27. lank, long and thin.
 28. on the way for Persia, *i. e.* Eastward.
- Page 88. 6. where you will, wherever you wish.
10. would touch, used to touch.
 16. browse upon, eat the leaves from.
 21. pitching the tent, setting up.
 22. was doing, was being done.
- Page 89. 2. his kind, his fellow-men, mankind.
11. old-maidish looks, reminding him of the parlours of old unmarried ladies at home.
- humming away, the so-called 'singing' noise produced by the bubbling of water as it begins to boil.
13. portal, door. A word now rarely used in prose.
 19. listed, pleased.
 22. heaps of luxuries, ironical, for his tent served the purpose of all the rooms named.
 23. drawing-room, a room to which people withdraw after dining.
 24. oratory, a small room or chapel for praying.
- hearth-rug, a fur or woollen rug placed before a fireplace.
28. flood of life, enormous number of living things. The figure of speech in which an abstract word is put instead of a concrete term is called *synecdoche*.
- Page 90. 4. attaining this martyrdom, in burning themselves as martyrs used to be burnt (*i. e.* those who are put to death for their religious opinions).
12. fourth form, fourth class (counting the first as lowest and sixth as highest), at which stage of his school career a boy takes especial pleasure in his food.
 14. loath, sorry, reluctant.
 22. portmanteaus, leather bags for carrying clothes when travelling (lit. carriers of mantles).

8. PERSEUS AND THE GORGON'S HEAD.

It was prophesied of Acrisius, a cruel King of Argos in Greece, that his daughter Danaë should bear a son by whose hands he would die. Acrisius therefore placed mother and child in a chest and set them afloat in the sea, but they were washed ashore on the isle of Seriphos and cared for by Dictys, the king's brother.

Page 91. 3. after merchandise, in order to trade.

11. quoit, a circular metal plate.

15. well it was. Such inversions of the natural order of words are avoided in ordinary prose, although they are used in oratory and 'poetic' prose.

Page 92. 11. Samos, an island off the west coast of Asia Minor.

13. was lading, was being loaded.

Page 93. 8. Pallas Athene, goddess of wisdom and the arts, also of war. Her heart did not feel the passion of love.

24. Titans, giants who fought against Zeus, the supreme ruler of Heaven and Earth.

27. the flower of youth, the freshness of youth, the time when manhood is blooming.

Page 94. 7. unrenowned, unfamed.

23. it were, it would be.

29. play the man, behave like a true man.

Page 95. 14. stone hand-mill, two circular stones, one over the other, for grinding corn.

Page 97. 9. foundling, a child found without a parent. [In this case, of course, it was deserted by only one parent.]

Page 99. 6. scimitar, curved sword.

Page 100. 12. Hyperboreans, a race supposed to live to a great age in the north of Europe.

16. Nymphs, female deities of minor rank and power; they were given different names according as they lived in trees, rivers, grottos, etc.

18. the Atlantic island, an island to the west of Mt. Atlas where the Hesperides (daughters of Hesperus, the evening star,) guarded some golden apples.

22. sinned a sin. Medusa who had been beloved by Poseidon, God of the Sea, gave birth to a son in the Temple of Athene.

30. witch-adder, she was woman down to her waist, but a serpent below.

Geryon, a mythical King of Gades (in Spain) with three bodies; he had many oxen who ate human flesh.

Page 101. 15. nurse of the Ægis holder. Zeus was the Ægis-holder because he held before him a shield, made out of the skin of Amaltheie, the goat which suckled him as an infant when he was hidden away from the rage of Saturn, his father.

28. Argus-slayer. Zeus was in love with a maiden Io, but Hera, the wife of Zeus, changed her into a cow and set Argus, who had a hundred eyes, on guard over her. But Hermes, by the command of Zeus, lulled him to sleep with music and then killed him. Hera placed his eyes in the tail of the peacock, her favourite bird.

Page 102. 18. Olympians, the gods. Olympus is a mountain between Macedonia and Thessaly, so high that its top was said to touch the sky, and was therefore considered to be the dwelling of the gods.

29. follows the spring towards the Ister fens, flies northward when spring comes to the marshes of the lower Danube.

Page 103. 6. Cyclades, a group of islands in the Ægean Sea, so called because they lie in a circle round Delos. They include Cythnos and Ceos (or Cos).

Attica, the district round Athens.

7. Thebes, the capital of Bœotia, north-west of Athens.

Copao lake, in Bœotia, fed on the north-west by the river Cephissus.

8. Oeta and Pindus, mountain ranges in the south and east of Thessaly, which is a country in the extreme north of Greece.

12. Thrace, the country north of the Ægean Sea.

15. dry-shod, without wetting his shoes.

Page 104. 1. drift-wood, wood that has drifted ashore from the sea.

8. the surge broke up. ... the spray from the sea-waves was frozen in the air and upon the hair of the Sisters.

Page 105. 14. needs, adv. necessarily.

31. Atlas was a giant who as a punishment for warring against Zeus was condemned to bear the heavens upon his head and shoulders.

Page 106. 14. the Tin Islands. The Greek historian Herodotus (5th century B.C.) says that the Phœnicians obtained tin from some 'Tin Islands' (*Cassiterides*), which have usually been identified with Cornwall and the Scilly Islands (south-west of England).

15. the Iberian shore, Spain.

16. terns, water-birds, something like seagulls.

19. gambolled, leapt about in sport. .

21. Tritons, sons of Poseidon, the sea-god, who lived at the bottom of the sea, half-men, half-fishes, and blew their conchs, or trumpets made out of shells in order to calm the waves.

24. the sun rose higher, because he was going south towards the equator where the sun is exactly overhead.

leaped more swiftly into the sea at night, there was a shorter twilight. Night falls with great rapidity within the tropics. As Coleridge says in *The Ancient Mariner*:—

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out,

At one stride comes the dark.

Page 107. 25. Heracles, a son of Zeus, famous for his strength, who after death became the god of strength. He had to perform twelve labours one of which was to obtain the golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides.

Page 108. 18. be it so, imperative, 'let it be so.'

Page 111. 5. Herpé, the name of his sword.

15. beat, fly hither and thither.

16. snuffed round, went around smelling at the air.

17. draw upon, move gradually nearer led by the scent.

18. struck upon, found.

Page 112. 22. Lybia, the north of Africa.

24. Hellespont, the strait now called the Dardanelles.

28. shingle, loose gravel and pebbles.

9. THE RESCUE PARTY.

Exploration of the Polar regions started by attempts to find an open sea-way to the wealthy countries of Eastern Asia, and thus compete with the trade of Spain and Portugal. In 1553 Willoughby attempted to find the North-East Passage, *i. e.* a way round Norway and then eastwards along the north coast of Siberia. Later attempts were made to discover a similar way westward along the north coast of America, *i. e.* the North-West Passage. This was actually accomplished in 1850 by a British expedition under M'Clure, who had set out to search for traces of Franklin, a rear-admiral in the British navy who was lost in 1847.

Page. 113. 6. Spitzbergen, a large island east of Greenland and north of Norway.

relentless, without pity.

10. Davis Straits, west of Greenland, joining the Atlantic and Arctic oceans.

Behring's Straits, between Alaska and Siberia, joining the Pacific and Arctic oceans.

Page 114. 19. Wellington Sound, between North America and Victoria Land, 107° west Longitude by 68° north Latitude.

Page 115. 10. Smith's Strait, between Ellesmere Land and north-west Greenland, 75° west Longitude.

Page 116. 1. moccasins, shoes or foot-coverings made of deer-skin without any separate sole.

7. hummocks, little hillocks.

19. eider-down, the fine feathers of a kind of duck common in northern lands.

Page 117. 4. floe, a large flat field of ice floating on the sea.

Page 118. 2. stars and stripes, the flag of the United States, which has thirteen red and white stripes, and in one corner a number of white stars, one for each State (now 47), on a blue ground.

6. file, a line or row of men, standing one behind the other.

8. messmates, comrades.

25. swathed, wrapped.

27. bale, a package of goods (such as jute or cotton) bound up usually in some rough cloth.

29. all hands, all the men. This is the figure of *synecdoche*, the name of a part representing the whole.

Page 119. 10. bolt upright, straight as an arrow.

11. articulate, speak words distinctly.

15. reprimanded, rebuked.

Page 120. 26. torpid, numb and stiff, having lost all power of exertion.

Page 121. 12. brig, the ship. A brig is a two masted vessel.

22. a vacant stare, looking as if they saw nothing.

Page 122. 11. aft, towards the stern.

take in two reefs. Reefs are strips at the top of square sails which may be rolled or folded up (*taken in*) to reduce the surface exposed to the wind. Dr. Kane being delirious applies the term to the stove-chimney, which is absurd.

23. suffice it, imperative, 'let it be sufficient.'

27. scurvy-grass, (*scurvy cress*), a plant of the mustard type used in ships to keep off scurvy, a disease due to want of fresh food, especially vegetables.

Page 123. 1. Crimean war, in which England and France fought against Russia.

2. hallucination, mistake.

10. THE DEATH OF NELSON.

Nelson has just been reappointed to the command of the British fleet in order to destroy the allied French and Spanish fleets.

Page 124. 1. Portsmouth, the chief naval station of Great Britain.

2. despatched, finished.

3. endeavoured to elude the populace. This might have been more simply expressed, 'tried to escape (or avoid) the people.'
by-way, an indirect road.

4. in his train, after him.

12. alloy, debasing mixture (metaphor). An alloy strictly means a mixture of two metals, or the less valuable of the two metals so combined.

cupidity, greed.

17. barge, a large boat used between the shore and a ship lying out at anchor.

Page 125. 1. off Cadiz, just outside Cadiz, a large port in south-west Spain, where the French and Spanish fleets were at anchor.

3. deterred, prevented by fear (or difficulty or danger).

4. Collingwood, admiral in command of the squadron watching Cadiz, viz. the Mediterranean fleet.

5. colours, flags. The ordinary method of greeting would have warned the enemy that more ships had arrived.

12. Villeneuve, admiral in command of the enemy.

13. put to sea, sail out to sea.

Page 126. 6. station, position.

some fifty, about fifty.

Cape St. Mary's, Cape de Santa Maria.

8. decoy out, induce to come out.

11. the straits, Gibraltar.

blockade, the stoppage of all ships from entering or leaving place, especially those carrying stores.

17. from whence. Since 'whence' means 'from where' the 'from' is not strictly necessary.

20. rendered nugatory, made futile, ineffectual, of no use.

30. verily, truly (archaic).

Page 127. 3. I have no doubt but that...I am sure that.

5. insure. Here 'be sure of', now usually spelt 'ensure'
the fighting them...I pledge myself, I myself promise that we shall fight them if we can come near them.

17. annihilating, utterly and completely destroying.

22. Bronte. The Sicilian Court in gratitude for Nelson's services gave him the dukedom and estate of Bronte.

24. two-deckers, vessels with two tiers (rows) of guns on each side.

Page 128. 9. marine, a soldier serving on a ship.

20. S. S. W. South-south-west; a direction more southerly than south-west, which is exactly between south and west.

22. quarter, direction.

about two, at about two o'clock.

repeating ships, the ships in the middle which pass on a signal from one part to another.

27. frigate, a warship of only moderate size and not more than fifty guns, often only in one tier or row.

Page 129. 3. telegraphed, signalled. This word means merely 'communicated between distant points.' The modern telegraphic instrument was of course not then invented.

10. wore, veered, caused their vessels to go about with sterns to the wind.

16. line of battle ahead, in a line, one behind the other, all facing in the same direction.

17. starboard, the right-hand side of a ship.

tack. Tacking is turning a ship into the wind at right angles to her former course.

18. leeward, on the side from which the wind is *not* blowing. standing to, sailing towards.

19. sail, ships. This is the figure of *synecdoche*, the name of a part standing for the whole. Similarly, 'all hands on deck' means 'all men.'

ships of the line or line-of-battle ships were the largest men-of-war.

22. weight of metal, *i.e.* they had heavier guns.

24. Tyrolese, men from Tyrol, a mountainous country between Bavaria and North Italy, under Austrian government.

Page 130. 5. exempt, free.

6. persuasion, belief.

10. swell. This term is applied to the regular heaving movement of the sea when the waves are not high and do not break into foam.

13. weather, windward, the side towards the wind.

31. cable's length, from 200 to 240 yards.

Page 131. 2. issue, result, outcome.

4. handsome, free and noble.

13.

S. S. M. P.

- 9. short of, less than. *
- 20. acclamation, applause, approval.

28. invested, endowed.

30. ominous apprehensions, fears which afterwards proved to be well-founded.

Page 132. 24. the last infirmity. Milton in *Lycidas* (70) speaks of fame as 'That last infirmity of noble mind.'

Page 133. 9. Spithead, a roadstead (*i.e.* place where ships may lie at anchor) between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight.

15. dispositions, arrangements.

24. repair, return.

Page 134. 5. points. The circumference of a compass is divided into thirty-two points.

Page 135. 3. main-topgallant sail, the third sail upwards on the main-mast.

9. to strike [colours], to haul down the flag as sign of surrender.

10. old acquaintance, because he had fought against her before.

12. bow, fore-end of a ship.

13. raking fire, passing along the ship's deck from one end to the other.

23. poop, the raised deck at the stern.

28. fore-brace bits, a fore-brace is a rope used to change the position of the fore-yard arm, a spar to which the fore-sail is attached, and the bits is a framework to which the rope is fastened.

quarter-deck, a raised deck in the middle of the ship, which used to be reserved for officers.

Page 136. 4. a single gun, ordinarily we say 'a single shot'.

6. main-topmast, the upper part of the main-mast.

studding sails, light sails extended beyond the central square sails.

7. booms, long poles run out to extend the bottom of a sail.

13. on board, here used in a special sense 'alongside'. Ordinarily the phrase is used of passengers going on to a ship.

16. signify, matter.

put the helm to port, steer round to the left.

20. ports, the shutters which close the port-holes in the side of a ship through which cannon were fired.

22. tops, wooden platforms half-way up the mast.

24. musketry, *i.e.* men with muskets. An example of the figure of *synecdoche*, abstract being put for concrete.

Page 137. 10. mizen-top, the platform on the hindmost of the three masts.

13. epaulette, shoulder-ornament.

14. in the heat of action, the fiercest part of the battle.

28. had he but, if he had only.

31. cockpit, the part of a ship for receiving the wounded.

Page 138. 2. pallet, a mattress or bed of straw.

3. midshipmen's berth, the room assigned to boys in training as officers.

8. momentarily, every moment. [The usual form is *momentarily*.]

Page 139. 5. drubbing, a sound beating.

10. Lady Hamilton, Nelson's greatest friend.

12. Beatty, the surgeon.

Page 141. 15. was afforded him, was given to him.

Page 142. 10. posthumous, after death.

18. "old men from the chimney corner", a phrase used by Sir Philip Sidney (1554-86) in his *Defence of Poesy*.

24. signal, decisive.

11. A CRUSADER'S ADVENTURE.

Page 143. 2. horizon, usually, the line where earth and sky (or sea and sky) seem to meet; here however Scott seems to use it loosely as equivalent to 'sky.'

a knight of the Red Cross, a Crusader. In the Middle-Ages several military expeditions started from the Christian countries in Western Europe to recover from the Saracens the city of Jerusalem, and the sepulchre of Christ. The knights who took part usually wore a red cross as badge, this being the symbol of their religion, from Christ having met his death by crucifixion near Jerusalem. The expeditions were known as Crusades, this one (led by Richard I of England) being the Third Crusade.

3. his Northern home, Scotland.

6. Dead Sea. As this inland sea is nearly 1300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean it has no outlet. As the water which flows into it from the Jordan and other rivers is evaporated continually by the great heat, there is an enormous amount of solid matter dissolved in it. It has nearly six times the percentage of salts contained in sea-water, and its average specific gravity is 1.166 (i.e. it is one-sixth as heavy again as ordinary water) although in the south its density is greater still (1.25). It is true that the human

body floats without exertion : and the shores are extremely desolate. Birds, however, are to be found in the district and even flying over the surface.

13. defiles, long narrow gorges and deep valleys.

14. the accursed cities, Sodom and Gomorrah which were in the time of Abraham destroyed by 'brimstone and fire' sent from Heaven as a punishment for their sin. The account is given in the Old Testament of the Bible (*Genesis*, Ch. XIX.) :— 'Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire.... and he overthrew those cities and all the plain, and all the inhabitatns of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground.'

20. well-watered, well supplied with water. 'And Lot..... beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well-watered everywhere, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the garden of the Lord' (*Genesis*, XIII, 10).

21. to eternal sterility, to be barren for ever.

23. crossing himself, making the sign of the cross with his hand.

Page 144. 1. cities of the plain. The Jewish historian, Josephus, seems to have believed that Sodom and Gomorrah were buried beneath the Dead Sea and its immediate neighbourhood, but there is no evidence to confirm this.

whose grave was dug by, whose destruction was caused by.

2. eruption of subterraneous fire, the bursting forth of fire from beneath the earth (as in a volcanic disturbance).

3. hid, hidden.

4. holds no living fish, owing to the unusual saltness of the water (see note above).

5. skiff, a small, light boat. Navigation is possible, but on account of the density of the water a light boat is unsteady.

6. sullen, dismal. This word, which means literally 'gloomily silent,' is used here by the figure of speech which Ruskin called 'the pathetic fallacy'; a term, which can strictly be applied only to human feelings, is used of objects of nature which are incapable of emotion.

9. Moses, the great 'Judge' or lawgiver and leader of the Jews, who led them out of captivity in Egypt, possibly about the fourteenth century B. C.

brimstone [*i. e.* sulphur] and salt...a quotation from the words of Moses (*Deuteronomy*, XXIX, 23).

It is not sown, nor beareth, no seed is sown (*i. e.* it is not cultivated) and no corn or fruit grows there. 'Nor beareth' would be in modern idiom 'nor does it bear.'

13. devoid of winged inhabitants. This is not correct ; see note on the Dead Sea.

14. deterred, refers of course to *inhabitants*, not to *air*, the subject of the previous sentence ; this should be made clear by inserting *who were*.

15. bitumen, pitch or tar.

16. exhaled, sent out in the form of vapour ; usually intransitive, breathed out.

18. water spouts, thick columns of water-vapour stretching from a cloud above to the surface of the sea beneath. They are said to be due to a great amount of vapour being condensed when opposite winds of different temperatures meet.

19. naphtha is strictly a highly inflammable fluid which may be prepared from bitumen. Scott probably means *asphalt*, a hard, black, glossy form of bitumen.

21-22. afforded. Mosaic history, gave proof of the history written, supposedly, at least, by Moses, *viz.* the opening books of the Old Testament. The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah by 'brimstone and fire' might be explained as the result of a volcanic disturbance ; it has also been held, somewhat doubtfully however, that the presence of bitumen indicates that the district is volcanic.

27. at a foot's pace, at walking speed.

29. accoutrements, the harness, saddle, and other things attached for protection and for the carrying of arms. These are described in the next paragraph.

31. mail, defensive covering made of a network of steel rings.

Page 145. 1. plated gauntlets, large gloves extending over the wrists and covered on the back by plates of steel.

4. barred helmet, with bars in front between which the wearer might see.

7. hauberck, coat of mail (lit. 'neck-defence', Anglo-Saxon, *healsbeorg*).

9. securing, protecting. A few lines lower *secured* means fastened.

12. falchion, sword.

13. poniard, dagger.

17. pennoncelle, a small pennon or triangular flag carried on the end of a lance.

18. dally, flutter playfully.

19. surcoat, a light coat, usually of linen or similar material, worn over the armour.

24. arms, *i. e.* coat of arms.

26. couchant, lying down.

Page 146. 10. and which, the 'and' should be omitted.

11. secured, protected.

front-stall of the bridle, the part covering the front of the horse's head.

15. fabulous, having existence only in fables or impossible stories.

unicorn, an animal like horse, but with a straight horn projecting from its forehead.

17. panoply, full or complete armour.

18. charger, a horse ridden in war. The term must not be used of horses used for other purposes.

20. inured, hardened by custom.

21. innocent, harmless. [Usually, 'free from guilt, pure'.]

25. cast in a mould. Metaphor from the pouring of molten metal into moulds or shapes in which to cool.

28. endowed him with, given him.

Page 147. 4. under a calm semblance, although he seemed calm.

6. attribute, characteristic or distinguishing quality.

7. Norman line, the race of Northmen or Normans who, migrating from the Scandinavian countries in north-west Europe, established themselves by the power of their swords in several parts of Western Europe. They conquered lands in France in the 10th century, in England and South Italy in the 11th century.

9. adventurous swords, an example of *hypallage* or *transferred epithet*. The term belongs really to the Normans, not to their swords.

11. proposed, offered (lit. put forward).

12. campaign, the time during which an army is engaged in actual hostilities, whether fighting battles or only marching or holding positions.

13. temporal, worldly, the opposite of spiritual.

14. spiritual privileges, *viz.* those of fighting for the holy cause.

15. had melted away, the rather that....., had been used up, the more quickly because.....

18. recruit, increase.

22. availed himself of any opportunity, made use of any chance.

23. of consequence, of importance.

24. small train is strictly singular; *them* accordingly should be changed to *it* so as to agree with its antecedent.

Page 148. 7. his midday station, stopping place.

22. caftan, Turkish coat or tunic.

23. cavalier, armed horseman.

26. infidel, unbeliever. This term was used by both parties of their enemy.

27. barb, horse so called because some of the finest horses came from Barbary in North Africa.

30. disengaged, loosened.

31. in rest, in position (*i.e.* almost horizontal).

Page 149. 1. waked his horse's mettle, stirred up its spirit.

7. inflection, bending.

10. buckler, small shield.

19. put to the gallop, make gallop.

27. momentum, force, combination of speed and weight.

28. sensible and apprehensive of knowing and fearing that such a result would be probable.

Page 150. 6. was fain, was obliged.

12. desirous to terminate, the more modern idiom would be 'desirous of terminating,' or more simply 'wishing to end'.

17. Emir, a title of dignity given to Saracen chieftains.

Page 151. 7. strung a bow, fixed the string of his bow. When not required for immediate use the string was unfastened so that the bow should not lose its springiness by remaining bent.

address, dexterity, skill.

12. harness, armour.

Page 152. 4. Lingua Franca, a mixture of French and Italian spoken in the Mediterranean ports as the language of commercial intercourse between different nations.

12. Nazarene, Christian, so called because Christ's home had been at Nazareth.

24. wend we, let us go.

12. RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.

Page 153. 3. metropolis, the capital or chief city, *i.e.*, London.

8. wakes, village festivals with games and feasting.

fairs, gatherings of sellers of various wares at fixed seasons, often accompanied by festivities.

9. cope with, meet.
10. humours, states of mind, temperaments.
11. the wealth and fashion, the wealthy and fashionable, abstract being put for concrete by *synecdoche*.
14. boorish, dull and uncultured.
16. rendezvous, meeting-place (French).
17. polite, refined, cultured (lit. polished). The more common meaning is of course 'with polished (*i. e.* good) manners.'
19. carnival, a time of gaiety and revelry.
21. orders, ranks.

Page 154. 2. the rural feeling, a capacity of taking delight in country life.

21. mimic, imitation.

26. dissipate, waste.

Page 155. 6. casual and transient, accidental and hasty.

8. superficialities, surface.

12. negative, restraining.

26. landscape gardening, the laying out of large gardens so as to make them look like natural country scenery.

27. discover, etc., show a fine feeling for ..

Page 156. 2. coy and furtive graces, the less commonly seen beauties.

9. woodland glades, open grassy walks in the woods.

11. covert, a group of trees affording shelter.

13. meanderings, windings.

14. sequestered, in a retired spot, secluded.

17. limpid, clear and pure.

sylvan statue, a statue probably of someone like Diana, goddess of hunting, closely connected with forests.

18. dank, moist.

19. classic sanctity, the sacredness of an old Greek temple.

22. unostentatious, simple, not showy.

23. middle life, *i. e.* middle class life. He has just been speaking of the parks of the rich.

26. nicely discriminating, judging carefully and scrupulously.

28. sterile, barren.

Page 157. 1. cherishing, tender treatment.

2. pruning, the cutting off of useless shoots and branches.

5. to a peep of blue distance, through which one catches a glimpse of blue in the distance.

12. **economy**, arrangement and management of a house — the literal meaning of the word.

14. **embellishment**, decoration.

16. **box**, a dwarf plant.

18. **lattice**, a window made of diamond-shaped pieces of glass set in a framework of thin strips of wood crossing each other diagonally.

19. the **holly** makes winter less dreary because it does not lose its green leaves in winter. Branches of holly with red berries are still much used to decorate the inside of a house at Christmas time.

22. **bespeak**, prove.

Page 158. 3. **robustness of frame**, strength of body.

14. **operate upon**, influence.

18. **gradation**, series of steps.

20. **substantial**, having considerable wealth or property.

Page 159. 10. **distance**, haughtiness.

11. **waive**, not to claim.

15. **hound and horn**, used in fox-hunting. The hounds (never called 'dogs') search for the track of the fox, and are followed by the riders.

20. **repining**, murmuring with discontent.

28. "the Flower and the Leaf." This poem is now considered not to be Chaucer's.

29. **closets**, private rooms.

Page 160. 1. **pastoral writers**, writers about shepherd life and the country in general.

6. **spray**, a small shoot or branch with opened leaves.

Page 161. 4. **remote**, of a very early date.

5. **tracery**, carved stone (for their framework).

* 9. **yeomanry**, farmers.

10. **progeny**, descendants.

12. **pile**, building.

27. **of a Sunday**, on a Sunday.

28. **the bell**, the church bell calling the people to service.

EXERCISES IN GRAMMAR AND COMPOSITION.

1. THE UGLY DUCKLING.

1. Distinguish between :—
'Wait' and 'await,' 'single' and 'singular,' 'avoid' and 'devoid,' 'stork' and 'stalk.'
2. Analyse :—
(a) Better be killed by the swans than *pecked* by the ducks.
(b) "Ah, you ugly *creature*, I *wish* the cat would get you."
3. Turn into indirect speech :—
"That is impossible," replied the mother; "he is not pretty, but he has a very good disposition, and swims as well as the *others*."
4. Punctuate :—
Listen friend said one of them you are so ugly that we like you well will you go with us and become a bird of passage not far from here is another moor in which there are some pretty wild geese all unmarried it is a chance for you *to get* a wife you may be lucky ugly as you are.
5. Distinguish between a possessive pronoun and a possessive adjective, and between a demonstrative pronoun and a demonstrative adjective. Give examples.
6. Parse the words italicised in Questions 2, 3 and 4.

2. THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER.

1. Give simpler synonyms for :—
Comprehend, loquacious, garb, obsequious, celestial, vehemently, edifice, tranquil, visage, repose, quaff, quitted.
2. Are the following correct or incorrect? Give reasons for your opinions.
(a) Whenever you or your husband are here.

- (b) As if one were both and both were one.
 (c) There were neither use nor beauty in their life.
 (d) From whence did you gather them ?
 (e) The apples were intermingled together with peaches.
3. Turn into direct speech :—
 (a) He asked *how* a fountain of milk could have got into his old pitcher.
 (b) He *told what* excellent butter and cheese Baucis made, and how nice were the vegetables which he raised in his garden.
 (c) He said that because they loved one another so much, *it was the wish* of both that death might not part them, but that they should die, as they had lived, together.
4. Analyse the sentence in 3(a) above, and parse all the italicised words in Question 3.
5. There is the whole mystery of the affair quoth he and if you can make it out i will thank you to let me know i cant tell what to make of my staff it is always playing such odd tricks as this sometimes getting me a supper and quite as often stealing it away.
 Punctuate the above.
6. Turn into indirect speech the passage quoted in question 5.
7. Illustrate the different meanings of :—
 Civil, fare, host.
8. We speak of 'a pack of hounds.' What corresponding word would you use of a number of sheep, of cows, of bees, of wolves, of birds, of fishes, of whales ?

3. THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

1. Punctuate :—
 One shaft *falling* as i said from heaven pierced his right eye he clutched at it and broke *off* the shaft his axe dropped from his hand and he fell *all disabled* with pain in *his own* place as king between the two ensigns.
2. Parse the words italicised above.
3. 'They tried very hard, *first* the *foot* and then the horse to *break* down the barricade.' Analyse this sentence, and parse the italicised words.
4. In what different ways can the following words be used :—
 Line, order, right, front.

5. Form abstract nouns from the following words :—
Lose, loose, defend, general, pursue, rough, fly.
6. Write a short essay on the necessity of obedience in an army.

4. THE PASS OF THERMOPYLÆ.

1. Compose sentences illustrating the different meanings of the following words :—
Strait, host, spirits, springs, air.
2. Pick out the adverbial phrases in the paragraph :—
“The Greeks, stronger men . . . their homes and children? (Page 58)
Point out what words they modify.
3. Punctuate the following passage :—
Another spartan named dienices when told that the enemys archers were so numerous that their arrows darkened the sun replied so much the better we shall fight in the shade.
4. Parse the italicised words below :—
 - (a) They started *up*, *but* a shower of arrows was discharged *on them*, and *forgetting all save* the present alarm, they *fled* to the mountain.
 - (b) *There was ample time for the Greeks to escape* before they could *thus* be shut *in* by the enemy.
 - (c) The Greeks stronger men and more heavily armed, were *far better* able to *fight to advantage* than the *Persians* with their short spears.
5. Analyse the sentences in Question 4.

5. THE WINNING OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

1. Turn into indirect speech :—
 - (a) Oileus said, “Let us go to the grove together.”
 - (b) She said, “My end is come, and I must die; for my father has found out that I have helped you. You he would kill if he dared; but he will not harm you because you have been his guests.”
2. Analyse sentence 1 (b) into clauses.
3. Punctuate :—
But aietes thought he has conquered the bulls and sown and reaped the deadly crop who is this who is proof against all magic he may kill the serpent yet then he turned to medeia and said this is your doing false witch-maid.

4. Parse the italicised words below :—
 (a) Aietes laughed a bitter *laugh*.
 (b) He *bade them open* the gates.
 (c) They lay *dead* upon the ground.
5. State and illustrate the various meanings and usages of the following words :—
 Spell, round, still, bar.
6. Give the feminine forms of :—
 Lion, ram, hero, hunter ;
 and the masculine forms of :—
 Witch, widow.

6. THE RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY.

1. Construct sentences to show the right use of the following words :—
 Aggravate, expedient, dole, sanguine, remonstrate, volunteered.
2. Pick out examples of antithesis, apposition, parenthetical clause, gerund.
3. Write sentences containing the following phrases :—
 'Hour by hour,' 'in the act of,' 'not to be bought,' 'in one moment,' 'at one moment.'
4. Distinguish between :—
 'Hung' and 'hanged,' 'sown' and 'sewn,' 'defence' and 'defiance,' 'effect' and 'affect.'
5. Give the different meanings and usages of :—
 • Dash, bank, fast.
6. Analyse :—
 Just at this time Kirke received a despatch from England, which contained positive orders that Londonderry should be relieved.
7. Explain what regulations you would make if you were in command of a besieged city.

7. A JOURNEY IN THE DESERT.

1. Distinguish between :—
 'Desert' and 'dessert,' 'hue' and 'heav,' 'thong' and 'throng.'
2. Pick out examples of :—
 Personification, irony, parenthesis, simile, gerundial infinitive, gerund.

3. What different meanings and usages have the following words:—
Lay, last, minute, draw.
4. Form abstract nouns from:—
Martyr, fragrant, despond, human, cheerful, obey, exult.
5. Analyse:—
The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent.

8. PERSEUS AND THE GORGON'S HEAD.

1. Parse the italicised words below:—
 - (a) The wind rattled *hoarse* in *their* wings.
 - (b) The hat *which* *whosoever* wears cannot be seen.
 - (c) He *went* *voyages* to the islands *round*.
 - (d) He sinned a great *sin*.
 - (e) He *became* a *crag* of stone.
 - (f) Beggars must *needs* be hungry.
2. Give the past (indefinite) tense active and past (indefinite) participle passive of:—
Freeze, bid, bite, pity, throw, weep, go.
3. Distinguish between the present participle, gerund, and verbal noun, and give examples of each.
4. Give the plurals of 'brother,' 'pig,' 'fish,' 'pity,' (two if there are two). Also form adjectives from these words.
5. Describe the appearance of Perseus just before he reached the Gorgons.
6. Combine the following sentences into one, using the conjunction 'and' only once:—
Two of the Gorgons were as foul as swine.
They lay sleeping heavily.
They slept as swine sleep.
Their mighty wings were outspread.
7. Correct the following sentences:—
 - (a) She looked so far that he had not the heart of striking her.
 - (b) He sprung rapidly into the air, when he saw her laying dead.
 - (c) He said he will be impatient for being gone.

9. THE RESCUE PARTY.

1. Explain and illustrate the different usages and meanings of :—
Bolt, file, light, long, last.
2. Analyse :—
Suffice it to say that his ship remained immovable.
3. Parse each word in Question 2.
4. Is it strictly correct to say, "The thermometer has fallen three degrees?" What does this mean?
5. Write a short essay on the difficulties and dangers of Arctic exploration.

10. THE DEATH OF NELSON.

1. Give synonyms or equivalent expressions (simpler, if possible) for the following :—
An hour elapsed, alleviate, disperse, cupidity, verified, transmit, exempt, predominant, endeavour, precise.
2. Give illustrations of the different meanings carried by 'strike,' 'port,' 'board.'
3. Give two examples each of *synecdoche*, *metaphor*. Distinguish these figures from *metonymy* and *simile*.
4. Pick out three examples each of (a) adverbial phrase, (b) adverbial clause, (c) noun or substantive clause.
5. Turn into indirect speech :—
(a) Nelson replied, "Take your choice, Hardy; it does not matter much."
(b) He said, "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone."
6. Write sentences showing as what different parts of speech the words 'that' and 'but' may be used.
7. Compare a naval battle as it was fought in Nelson's time with one as it is fought now.

11. A CRUSADER'S ADVENTURE.

1. Give simpler or more common synonyms or equivalents for :—
Omnipotent, arid, in the vicinity of, eternal sterility, the eruption of subterraneous fire, frequently assuming the appearance of, afforded testimony to, traversed, renowned, aperture, apprehensive of, artifice.

2. What different meanings and usages have the following words :—
'Sole,' 'secure,' 'mail,' 'defile?' Compose sentences in illustration.
3. Name and explain the following figures of speech :—
 - (a) His stock of money melted away.
 - (b) A man of iron frame.
 - (c) Treason seldom dwells with courage.
 - (d) Nature cast his limbs in a mould of uncommon strength.
 - (e) The Normans drew their adventurous swords in every land.
4. Turn into simpler and more modern idiom the paragraph :
'But habit had made... border of the Dead Sea.'
(Page 146, ll. 16-24.)
5. Parse the following words in the above-mentioned paragraph :—
Nature, burning, whom, innocent.

12. RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.

1. Distinguish by means of examples between :—
(a) 'Antique,' 'antiquated,' 'ancient'; (b) 'cultured' and 'cultivated'; (c) 'a country' and 'the country.'
2. Give simpler synonyms or equivalents for :—
Maturing, vicinity, with facility, salutary, embellish, evince, prospect.
3. Punctuate :—
Those who see the englishman *only* in town are apt to form an unfavourable opinion of his social character he is *either* absorbed in business or distracted by the thousand engagements that dissipate time thought and feeling in *this* huge metropolis.
4. Parse the italicised words in Question 3.
5. Name and describe any poems which you know containing 'the rural feeling'.
6. Give in your own words Irving's explanation as to why the different classes mingle better in the country than in the town.

SHORT NOTES ON AUTHORS.

ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN (1805-75), was a native of Denmark of humble birth. His boyish ambition was to be an opera-singer, but his voice did not develop well enough. He lived a hard life until he was patronised by the king, and given facilities for study. He wrote some plays and novels, but is best known by his *Fairy Tales*.

FREEMAN, EDWARD AUGUSTUS (1823-92), was Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. He made himself a master of the early history of England, and though he wrote with distinction and authority on other historical subjects, is chiefly famous for his substantial but illuminating *History of the Norman Conquest* in six volumes.

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL (1804-64), was an American writer of novels, the most famous being *The Scarlet Letter*. His *Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales* consist of stories from classical mythology retold for boys and girls.

IRVING, WASHINGTON (1783-1859), was an American writer who made his name by a humorous *History of New York*. He made long tours in Europe for the sake of his health; and his familiarity with England and its life is shown by several charming essays in his *Sketch Book* (1819), which also contained the well known American stories *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*. When in Spain he wrote *The Life and Voyages of Columbus*, and after returning to the United States his classical *Life of Washington*.

KINGLAKE, ALEXANDER (1809-91), was a man of leisure and comparative wealth, educated at Eton and Cambridge. He is best known by his brilliant and vivid, though extremely lengthy, account of the *Invasion of the Crimea*; but his vivacious style was more attractively displayed in *Eothen*, an account of his travels in the East. *Eothen* is a Greek word meaning 'from the East', and he said it was 'almost the only hard word to be found in the book'.

KINGSLEY, CHARLES (1819-75), was a great scholar in classics, mathematics, and history. He entered the Church, and devoted much time to social reform, with which two of his novels, *Yeast* and *Alton Locke*, are concerned. His literary work includes some historical novels—*Westward Ho* (about the Elizabethan voyagers), *Hereward the Wake* (a picture of English life during the Norman Conquest), *Hypatia* (about Alexandria in the early Christian era), and *Two Years Ago* (a Devonshire tale). His *Water Babies* is a fanciful story for children, and *The Heroes* is a retelling of stories from Greek mythology.

MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON (1800-59), became famous by the essay on Milton which he wrote at the age of 25 for the *Edinburgh Review*. He lived a life of great activity as a Member of Parliament, and for four years was the chief legal adviser in India. His literary work falls into three divisions:—(i) Essays, remarkable for the clearness, force, fluency, and brilliance of style; (ii) Poems, the vigorous and stirring *Lays of Ancient Rome*; (iii) his *History of England from the Accession of James II.* In his history he aimed at 'a vivid representation of particular characters and instances,' and in this he succeeded admirably. He had a fine eye for the picturesque and the striking, and, although

not always impartial in his presentation of them, he was indefatigable in his search for facts. Quite apart from his animated style he could give interest to whatever subject he touched. As a reward for his labours he was raised to the peerage as a Baron.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER (1771-1832), was the son of an Edinburgh lawyer, and he himself took up law as a profession. But even as a boy he was captivated by the romantic poetry of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, and by the old legends of the border between England and Scotland. After translating two German ballads, he collected a number of popular ballads of his own country under the title *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. This included some modern ballads of his own, and one which grew too big, was afterwards published separately as *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The success of this was outdone by two other narrative poems *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake*; but those which followed were not so good.

Scott's popularity as a poet was eclipsed by that of Byron's metrical romances, but in 1814 he published a prose romance or novel *Waverley*. This was followed rapidly by over twenty others. He gained greater popularity and profits than before; but he invested a large amount of money in a publishing firm, and when this failed, he was left deeply in debt. He set to work bravely and in five years paid off £70,000, over half of the debt; but was exhausted by his courageous effort. He was attacked by paralysis in 1830 and died two years later.

His novels fall into two groups: (a) the novels of Scotch character, e.g. *Guy Mannering*, *Old Mortality*, *The Heart of Midlothian*; (b), historical novels, dealing both with English history, e. g. *Ivanhoe*, *The Talisman*, *Kenilworth*, and with continental history, e. g. *Quentin Durward*.

SOUTHEY, ROBERT (1774-1843), is well known as an early friend of Wordsworth and Coleridge. His narrative poems *Madoc*, *Thalaba*, *Roderick*, *The Curse of Kehama* showed the tendency of the romantic movement to go to distant ages and lands for new, striking, and highly-coloured poetic material. He was equally voluminous as a prose writer. His most pretentious works were histories of Brazil and the Peninsular War, but his best book was the *Life of Nelson* (1813).

He writes a thoroughly workmanlike prose, and if one were looking for a standard style, Professor Saintsbury thinks that 'Southey has come as near as any Englishman to the ideal of prose writing..He has the much talked of, the indefinable quality of purity. He adjusts the scholarly and the vernacular, the businesslike and the ornamental, with an unerring calculation.'

YONGE, CHARLOTTE M. (1823-1901), was a prolific writer of novels which were very popular amongst girls of her own time, the best known being *The Heir of Redclyffe*, *The Chaplet of Pearls*, and *The Daisy Chain*. Her *Book of Golden Deeds* is a popular retelling of heroic actions of all lands and all times.